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## REVIEWS.

*Memoirs of Early Italian Painters, and of the progress of Painting in Italy, from Cimabue to Bassano.* By Mrs. Jameson. (Murray.)

FROM Cimabue to Jacopo Bassano, Mrs. Jameson has run through the whole list of celebrated Italian painters, giving a short biographical notice of each, with a few critical remarks on their general style, and the more famous of their pictures. Such a work must necessarily be slight and inconclusive; but it is suggestive; and addressed as it is to the young, will perhaps do all that it is intended to do, namely, set them searching for themselves into the inexhaustible treasures of Italian art, and awaken in some those slumbering, latent powers which need the spur of outside emulation to bring into life and action.

Mrs. Jameson had a grand subject, one of the grandest and noblest given to the mind of man worked at it with zeal and love. As an artist to penetrate and understand; and she has and a thinker both, she had rich materials before her, and they have not suffered diminution or degradation at her hands. Deeply imbued with the religiousness of art, viewing it rather as a medium of thought and character than as an exercise of even the highest mechanical powers, eager to discern in it evidences of the spiritual condition of the men who thought and laboured thus, while yet revelling with an artist's sensuous enjoyment in the grace and beauty brought before her, she is an admirable exponent of all relating to those Italian painters and the work they did, and can discriminate between the intention with which they wrought, and the artistic value of their workmanship, in a clear and unexcited manner, singularly valuable in a critic and a teacher. Her text-book begins with Cimabue, from whom she would take the lofty title of father of modern painting, and strip of the "merit, or rather the *miracle*, of having revived the art of painting when utterly lost, dead, and buried—of having by his single genius brought light out of darkness, form and beauty out of chaos." It was Vasari who first raised the name of Cimabue to what seems now was a false elevation, but enough yet remains to warrant our placing him at the head of the early Italian schools, and the ascription to him of the great art-revival which took place at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Had Cimabue done nothing but instruct Giotto, his fame would have stood out beyond that of all his contemporaries; but apart from this vicarious glory, we cannot think with Mrs. Jameson, that Guido da Siena, or Maestro Bartolomeo of Florence, in any way divide the palm with him. True, his figures are stiff, bad, and meagre, his drawing is at fault, his draperies wooden, his faces passionless and lifeless; but beside the hard, stony, lengthened Byzantine productions, his pictures positively glow with warmth and expression, and if conventional trammels, and a certain respectful superstition did not suffer him to improve on the traditional Madonna to the same extent as on other less sacred personages, he at least made up for this enforced reticence by the marvellous "grandeur of expression and largeness of form," which were then quite novelties in art. As Lanzi says, Cimabue has "un non so che di forte e sublime," which even we, with all our greater knowledge and advanced tastes, are found to recognise and admire. Vasari says that he

was the first to paint *after nature*; that is, he took a living subject as his model for a St. Francis, a thing until then unknown. Niccolò Pisano, the gracious, graceful sculptor, "the first to leave the stiff monotony of the traditional forms for the study of nature and the antique," "the first to see the light and follow it," Andrea Tafi and Gaddo Gaddi, the mosaic workers, were his contemporaries, and the last was his friend; but the greatest name of all those in any manner associated with him, was that of the gentle, humble, shepherd boy, whom he found drawing one of his sheep with slate and stone, took to his own house and educated, made his friend and successor, and left to the praise of history and the love of men, as Giotto, the friend of Boccaccio, of Petrarch, and of Dante, the designer of the Campanile at Florence, and the greatest glory of all those whom "Florence the beautiful—Florence the free," possessed. Giotto was quick in repartee, brave, satirical, and free of thought. Two capital anecdotes are told of him:

"But to return to Giotto, whom we left on the road to Naples. King Robert received him with great honour and rejoicing, and being a monarch of singular accomplishments, and fond of the society of learned and distinguished men, he soon found that Giotto was not merely a painter, but a man of the world, a man of various acquirements, whose general reputation for wit and vivacity was not unmerited. He would sometimes visit the painter at his work, and while watching the rapid progress of his pencil, amused himself with the quaint good sense of his discourse. 'If I were you, Giotto,' said the king to him one very hot day, 'I would leave off work and rest myself.' 'And so would I, sire,' replied the painter, 'if I were you!' The king, in a playful mood, desired him to paint his kingdom, on which Giotto immediately sketched the figure of an ass with a heavy pack-saddle on his back, smelling with an eager air at another pack-saddle lying on the ground, on which were a crown and sceptre. By this emblem the satirical painter expressed the servility and the fickleness of the Neapolitans, and the king at once understood the allusion."

Quaint and powerful Andrea Orcagna, with his "Triumph of Death," and that terrible "Last Judgment," from which even Michael Angelo did not disdain to borrow attitudes, nor Fra Bartolomeo and Raphael to imitate arrangements; Simone Memmi, Spinello of Arezzo, whose own horrible fancies and demoniacal representations finally drove him mad, and some others, were employed to continue the Campo Santo paintings which Giotto had begun; but the most celebrated of all his successors was his favourite pupil, a godson, Taddeo Gaddi, who, architect as well as painter, built the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, and even improved on his master's style.

And now we come to another divine Maestro; to the creator of an epoch, and the setter up of a landmark in artistic history—to Lorenzo Ghiberti, the maker of the famous gates of San Giovanni at Florence. Only twenty-three years of age when he sent in his designs, and competing against six others, most of them of established reputation, and some of them recognised Maestri, he yet obtained the suffrages of the judges; the last two who stood side by side with him (Brunelleschi and Donatelli) withdrawing from the competition, and publicly acknowledging his superiority. It was a great triumph for one so young, but a triumph richly merited; for the Gates of San Giovanni may be placed among the noblest efforts of human genius, and may, indeed, be held "worthy," as Michael Angelo said, "to be the gates of Paradise." They were twenty-two years in making, though Ghiberti worked

at them, "con grandissima diligenza e grandissimo amore;" and on the day when they were set up all Florence was drunk with joy; drunk as it was a hundred and fifty years before, when Cimabue uncovered his grand picture of the Madonna, and such wild enthusiastic crowds flocked shouting and singing round it, that the quarter of the city was named henceforth "Il Borgo dei Allegri."

Contemporary with Lorenzo Ghiberti lived the two painter monks, Fra Filippo, the libertine, restless, wandering, old Anacreontic delineator of Madonnas from beautiful mistresses, and Fra Angelico, "Il Beato," gentle, holy, pious, given up to heavenly dreams and mild ecstatic raptures. Both were men of great artistic influence, as was also Masaccio, "ugly, or slovenly Tom," who drew his figures with more anatomical correctness than had hitherto been attempted by any, and gave a "harmony and softness in colouring the flesh never attained before his time, nor since surpassed, till the days of Raphael and Titian." He excelled in certain naturalistic situations and expressions; for instance, the youth in the fresco of St. Peter baptizing the converts, who has just thrown off his clothes and stands shivering with cold, and which Lanzi says, "formed an epoch in art." He painted souls as well as bodies,—gave animation, expression, and diversity to his figures, and made his draperies more free and flowing than the long, stiff, longitudinal folds which the Cimabue and Giotto schools had not yet thrown off.

Passing lightly over Benozzo Gozzoli and some others, we next find ourselves in company with the goldsmith's son, young Domenico Bigordi, or Dal Ghirlandajo, so called because of the ornament, the *Ghirlandaja*, or silver wreath, which he invented. One of Ghirlandajo's most marked peculiarities was his habit of introducing the portraits of living people in his sacred pictures. Ginevra de' Benci, one of the loveliest women of her time, is represented more than once in the stately, graceful, costume of the Florentine ladies of the period, as visiting the Virgin on various occasions; for anachronisms, either in facts or in costume, were not regarded as blemishes in those days. Ghirlandajo has also painted his own portrait, and that of Lorenzo de' Medici, Amerigo Vespuccio, Poliziano, and others, among the crowds of sacred personages introduced into his pictures. Ghirlandajo was Michael Angelo's first patron and master.

In the school of Padua we find Squarcione, with his numerous pupils, among whom, as his favourite and adopted son, was Andrea Mantegna. But when Andrea fell in love with Nicolosia, daughter of Jacopo Bellini, and so seemed as if he had passed from the Paduan to the Venetian school, the jealousy of the Maestro overcame the affection of the father, and Squarcione publicly attacked and ridiculed the youth to whom formerly his soul had been so closely knit. Andrea replied, first, by increased diligence and zeal, whereby he produced a picture which silenced even Squarcione; then, by a likeness of Squarcione himself, as one of the figures in his frescoes, which likeness was anything but flattering to his old master, and perhaps not quite just. After this we hear no more of the old man's censures, and Andrea went on his way un molested. There are nine pictures by him in Hampton Court; The Triumph of Julius Caesar after the Conquest of Gaul.

Rubens himself learnt of this fine picture, making a translation, so to speak, of the fifth compartment, which he changed to his own style, and of which he even altered circumstances. Andrea Mantegna was the first painter who

engraved his own designs on copper, to which circumstance he owes much of his fame, as thus his pictures have survived the trials of time which have destroyed so many others of greater worth. The Venetian painters, Gentile and Gian Bellini, sons of Jacopo, and brothers to the beautiful Nicolosia whom Andrea married, the founders of the glorious Venetian school, kept themselves distinct from his influence, which was general over all the other Italian artists; and to this individuality we owe the school which brought forth Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese; the school which gave the world such colouring as has never been equalled or surpassed.

Perugino also was a "capo-scuro," a Maestro with one following who, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest. Scoffed at by Michael Angelo, too justly accused of avarice, and suspected of infidelity, or free-thinking, Perugino was yet the master and earliest moulder of the hand and mind of Raphael, Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare" in art; and may for this one great reflected glory be well forgiven half the sins and short-comings laid to his charge. Contemporaneous with Perugino were Francia, of the early Bolognese school, originally, like so many others, a goldsmith and niello worker, and one of Raphael's tenderest friends and artistic admirers; and Fra Bartolomeo, the last of the elder painters, who unfortunately, in a fit of zeal, burnt all his anatomical sketches, his drawings of the nude figure, and everything he had done, mundane or pagan, after listening to an eloquent sermon by Savonarola. When that unhappy priest was publicly burnt, after the torture, in the grand square at Florence, Bartolomeo, terrified and horror-struck, took the vows and hurried into the Dominican convent of San Marco, leaving to his friend "Albertinelli the task of completing those of his frescoes and pictures which were left unfinished." He passed the first four years of his convent life without touching a pencil, and then only yielded to the commands of his superior, who obtained, as the spiritual Father from his son, what the artist would not have granted to the man. But when Raphael came to visit Il Frate in his cell, and when thus "between these kindred spirits a friendship ensued, which ended only with death, and to which we partly owe the finest works of both," Fra Bartolomeo's artistic enthusiasm was once more awakened, and shaking himself somewhat free from the dead weight of monkery which he had tied round his own neck, he poured out upon the world the treasures of his art and knowledge; so that "at this time Fra Bartolomeo seems to have been the greater man, and might have been the Raphael, had not fortune been determined in favour of the other." It was the Frate who invented "the wooden figures with joints," (lay figures) which have "been of such incalculable service in art,"—or such manifest disservice rather!—and who was thus saved the necessity of employing female models; which, under existing circumstances, would have been slightly impracticable to the good Frate.

And now we come to greater names; to Lionardo da Vinci, musician, scholar, poet, chemist, architect, philosopher, "the miracle of that age of miracles;" to Michael Angelo, strong as a Titan and pure as an infant; to Raphael, universal, faultless, divine; to Correggio, with his grace surpassing that of nature, with his tenderness and delicacy beyond humanity; to Giorgione with his fervid glow; and to Titian with his golden glory; all these are men of higher stamp than Giotto or Perugino, than Francia or Fra Bartolomeo, great, holy, pious, and glorious as they

were. Of Lionardo da Vinci, Mrs. Jameson says:

"Lionardo da Vinci seems to present in his own person a *résumé* of all the characteristics of the age in which he lived. He was the miracle of that age of miracles. Ardent and versatile as youth; patient and persevering as age; a most profound and original thinker; the greatest mathematician and most ingenious mechanic of his time; architect, chemist, engineer, musician, poet, painter!—we are not only astounded by the variety of his natural gifts and acquired knowledge, but by the practical direction of his amazing powers. The extracts which have been published from MSS. now existing in his own handwriting, show him to have anticipated by the force of his own intellect some of the greatest discoveries made since his time."

One of the most extraordinary, if not the most beautiful things that Lionardo did, was the "Rotello del Fico," the fig-tree shield, on which he painted a Medusa's head, to please an old peasant, one of his father's tenants. The head was composed of all the most hideous and obscene reptiles and insects that he could collect. Adders and toads, all sorts of frightful worms and lizards, snakes, beetles, moths, and locusts, everything most hideous and obnoxious, he gathered together into a sort of monstrous conglomerate, from which he fashioned the loathsome head, with flashing eyes and pestilential aspect, "so fearful and abominable that it seemed to infect the very air around." The shield was destroyed in the subsequent troubles of Milan, but it would have been of extreme interest to the world now if it had been preserved. It was a totally different thing to his famous Medusa's head in the Florence Gallery, that terrible and fascinating picture, that mixture of beauty and horror, of pain and passion, and despairing loveliness, so true to the legend it embodies; and both, how widely unlike the wonderful Last Supper, painted on the wall of the refectory, in the Dominican convent of La Madonna delle Grazie, at Milan. Even in its present ruined and obliterated condition, that Last Supper is one of the divinest productions of art.

Michael Angelo and Lionardo were rivals. Michael Angelo, jealous, haughty, contemptuous, affected to despise Lionardo as much as he affected to despise the other painters of his time, Perugino and the rest. He and Lionardo were chosen as competitors for the honour of painting in fresco one side of the great Council Hall in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence. Lionardo's design was the one approved of; but he spent so much time in experiments of various kinds, that the government, always changing, changed once again, and the design never ripened into a fresco. The two cartoons were for many years the favourite study of artists, who flocked from all parts of Italy to copy and learn them; but afterwards they were cut up into separate pieces, and so got dispersed and lost. Only one small copy of Michael Angelo's exists; of Lionardo's not one. Mrs. Jameson gives a list of some of Da Vinci's attainments:

"In the Ambrosian Library at Milan there are twelve huge volumes of his works, relative to arts, chemistry, mathematics, &c.; one of them contains a collection of anatomical drawings, which the celebrated anatomist Dr. Hunter described as the most wonderful things of the kind for accuracy and beauty that he had ever beheld. In the Royal Library at Windsor there are three volumes of MSS. and drawings, containing a vast variety of subjects—portraits, heads, groups, and single figures; fine anatomical studies of horses; a battle of elephants, full of spirit; drawings in optics, hydraulics, and perspective; plans of military machines, maps, and surveys of rivers; beautiful and accurate drawings of plants and rocks, to be

introduced into his pictures; musical airs noted in his own hand, perhaps his own compositions; anatomical subjects, with elaborate notes and explanations. In the Royal Library at Paris there is a volume of philosophical treatises, from which extracts have been published by Venturi. In the Holkham Collection is a MS. treatise on hydraulics. The 'Treatise on Painting,' by Lionardo da Vinci, has been translated from the original Italian into French, English, and German, and is the foundation of all that has since been written on the subject, whether relating to the theory or to the practice of the art. His MSS. are particularly difficult to read or decipher, as he had a habit of writing from right to left, instead of from left to right. What was his reason for this singularity has not been explained."

It is curious to note the differences existing between Lionardo and Michael Angelo, both in their characters and their works. The one versatile, social, expensive, luxurious, to whom Beauty was the chief good, and colour greater than form; Michael Angelo, stern, fiery, reserved, temperate, adoring Force above all things save Truth, and striving after the perfection of form, while he despised the illusions of colour. Nature herself designed the two as rivals and opponents, and they did not gainsay her design. Between no two artists then living was there more complete and thorough opposition than between them; and generous though they both were, their mutual antagonism prevented the full recognition of their mutual powers. So full of power was Michael Angelo, even as a youth, that his master Ghirlandajo paid his father Buonarroti for the first years of his apprenticeship, instead of, as usual, receiving payment for teaching him his art; and his first attempt in marble, made when about fifteen years old, was a spirited copy, or translation rather, of an antique mask of an old Faun. Lorenzo the Magnificent was delighted with the work, but remarked that "old people had not all their teeth," whereupon the lad took up a mallet and struck out the teeth; and Lorenzo, charmed with his skill and quickness, took him at once into his service, lodged him in the Palace del Medici, and treated and educated him as his son. When two and twenty, Michael Angelo made a most beautiful little marble Cupid, which passed into the cabinet of the Duchess of Mantua as an antique. When its authorship was known, the Cardinal San Giorgio invited the young sculptor to his palace, at Rome, where he produced a very beautiful statue of Bacchus, and the famous Pietà, now in St. Peter's, the only work on which he has inscribed his name. Later again at Rome, he executed for Pope Julius II. the magnificent Moses, one of the finest things ever created by the hand of man; and then he began the decorations of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and quarrelled in between times with the fiery old Pope, as two hot-tempered brothers might have done. The artist won the substantial victory, and the Pope, Rome, and the world gained the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, than which nothing grander exists in art.

As unlike Michael Angelo as was Lionardo, as full of generous rivalry and emulation, but without any of the personal antagonism which divided and distinguished the other two, Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino seemed born to prove how true, and loving, and gentle a heart can exist with the most commanding intellect. Where Michael Angelo despised, Raphael loved; where Michael Angelo spurned, Raphael sought. Greater than all around him in art, the divine painter was also a nobler, because a more loving man. He could recognise the work of others, and appreciate their merits, even when below his own. Lionardo da Vinci



he treated with filial respect; Fra Bartolomeo he visited, roused, comforted, and spurred to activity and emulation; for Perugino, his old master, whom Michael Angelo called a "dauber," he had the most careful attention; Francia was his tenderest friend; to Ghirlandajo he did not disdain to leave his unfinished pictures for completion, when he hurried to Rome on the command of the old fiery Pope; and even to Michael Angelo himself, he returned reverence for contempt, homage for insolence, and the most winning and patient recognition, while upholding his own self-respect without a flaw. It is impossible to entirely divorce the character of a man from his works; and when we find one so rich in intellectual excellence, and so lovely in nature as was Raphael, the greatness of his genius is exalted by his goodness, and his goodness becomes more beautiful through his genius. Generous, princely, without the faintest trace of envy, royally great in his manner of imparting instruction and giving artistic aid, he made himself the culminating point of art,—the point whence all beyond slides slowly downward to decadence and decay. As there was but one Shakespeare, and one Phidias, so there was but one Raphael: all the rest, however great, when isolated, look dwarfed and dim beside him. Even Michael Angelo, though so heroic, was less universal, less complete; and Leonardo himself, with all his varied acquirements, stood a step lower than D'Urbino. But Italy had a glowing life within her yet. Giulio Romano, luscious and luxuriant; Caravaggio, chaste and pure; Correggio, tender as womanhood, graceful as infancy; Giorgione, warm and passionate, with the greatness of truth stamped on all he did, and the noble nature of the man visible in his works; and Titian, golden Titian,—these are names that speak of manhood and vitality yet in art, if Tintoretto, careless and uncertain, and Paul Veronese, with his deification of drapery and millinery, may not stand in the same page as Raphael d'Urbino, as Michael Angelo Buonarroti, as Leonardo da Vinci. And what has been may be again. The glorious life that once made Italy the Mecca to which the choicest spirits turned, that made it the centre of art, the cradle of science, the mirror of civilisation,—that life cannot be wholly burned out. Smouldering, dead, and grievously overlaid, it is still there, and waits only the time and moment when it shall again burst forth into the light, and once more charm the world it has helped to vivify and inform. *Che sarà sarà*; and the past has yet a future.

One complaint, and one only, we have to make of this book: the disgraceful state of the illustrations. Well drawn, but vilely cut, the blocks worn and battered, and the engravers, or engraver, for the most part profoundly ignorant of the meaning of the draughtsman, this pleasant, careful work on art is literally dishonoured by its examples of art. Some of the portraits are low caricatures, and most of the pictures have utterly lost all character of the time, and all trace of the artist; while even the best are discreditably both to Mrs. Jamieson and the publisher, and would damage rather than adorn, a book of far less worth or pretension.

*The Autobiography of a Seaman.* By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B. Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, &c. Vol. I. (London: Bentley.)

Of all the surviving representatives of that numerous array of naval heroes whose deeds of daring contributed, some fifty years ago, to

render England's supremacy over the sea not only a pleasant national tradition, but a stubborn and undeniable fact,—few names, perhaps, are more familiar to the ears of the present generation than that of Lord Dundonald. We doubt, however, whether the reputation enjoyed by that nobleman is, either in kind or degree, precisely commensurate with his deserts. Those who can carry back their recollections to the commencement of the present century, and can recall the time when in gazette after gazette the name of Captain Lord Cochrane appeared associated with some deed of special gallantry and daring, do not require to be told that the Earl of Dundonald has amply proved himself to be at once a skilful seaman and an eminently brave man. But the present generation, whose ears are less keenly alive to the distant echoes of glories so long gone by, knows him only as a disappointed man, whose success in life has, from some cause or other, fallen far short of his own expectations; and, judging exclusively by the result, is apt to conclude that the amount of his professional success may fairly be taken as the measure of his actual deserts. That this conclusion, natural as it may appear to be, is far from being a just or legitimate deduction from the facts of the present case, is a point on which we confess we have no doubt; and we are glad to welcome in Lord Dundonald's present volume a fresh instalment of the data requisite for its material modification, if not for its complete rejection. His is, of course, an *ex parte* statement; but nevertheless, few, we think, will rise from its perusal without freely acknowledging that the career of its author has been influenced by considerations quite foreign either to his skill as a seaman, or to his bravery as a man.

Lord Dundonald, regardless of the Horatian precept, commences his autobiographical narrative *usque ab ovo*, prefixing to it a brief account of the Cochrane family, from the earliest period down to the present time. For our present purposes, however, it will not be necessary to ascend the family tree any higher than his immediate progenitor, the ninth Earl. This nobleman has left behind him a name which is not without a certain degree of celebrity in the scientific world. Possessed of no inconsiderable acquaintance with physical science, he was continually occupied with projects for turning it to a practically useful account; and he was, if not the very first, certainly one of the earliest to observe the illuminating power of coal-gas, though strangely enough, he does not appear to have had any glimpse of the real importance of this discovery. But it very seldom happens that a scientific nobleman succeeds in making science a paying pursuit; and the ninth Earl of Dundonald was unfortunately no exception to the general rule. Owing both to the number and variety of his speculations, and to an utter want of management and prudence in their detailed prosecution, the only result of his projects was the complete exhaustion of an exchequer which was originally in a far from flourishing condition; so that his father's gold watch was literally the whole patrimony which the present Earl ever received. "Unsuccessful everywhere," says Lord Dundonald, "my father turned his attention to myself." But even in this direction the designs of the late Earl were not destined to be carried out. He intended his eldest son for the army, and accordingly procured for him at a very early age a commission in the 104th Regiment; and it was not till the boy's leaning towards the naval profession, of which one of his uncles was a distinguished member, became too evident to be any longer resisted, that his father

consented to allow him to follow his natural bent. Owing to these circumstances the present Earl, when, in 1793, he joined the *Hind* as midshipman, had attained the unusually mature age of seventeen years and a half. He was, however, in his element at last, and despite this disadvantage, he made rapid progress. It is scarcely necessary to dwell in any detail on the services which preceded his appointment to a separate command. We may, however, notice that he served under Lord Keith in the Mediterranean in 1799, when engaged in operations against the combined French and Spanish fleet, and was present when that nobleman was recalled by Lord St. Vincent from what promised to be a successful pursuit of the enemy's fleet. Neither Lord Keith nor Lord Dundonald—then Lord Cochrane—were at all sparing in their comments upon this vexatious interference; a pardonable imprudence, which the latter regards as the primary cause of the obstacles which from that time forward he continually encountered in his professional career. It was during this period that Lord Cochrane fell in with Lord Nelson at Palermo, from whom he received the characteristic advice which he never forgot,—“Never mind manœuvres, always go at them.”

In the ensuing year, Lord Cochrane was appointed by Lord Keith to the command of the *Speedy*, a vessel “about the size of an average coasting brig,” whose whole armament consisted of fourteen 4-pounders. This was but a small beginning; but it was sufficient for Lord Cochrane, who contrived to signalise his command of this absurd cock-boat by the performance of an exploit conspicuous even among the many deeds of daring which made this period one of the most remarkable in the naval annals of England. After having, by a series of rapid and well-arranged operations, inflicted serious damage on the coasting-trade on the eastern shores of Spain, he engaged and captured the *Gamo*, a Spanish frigate, carrying thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men. This brilliant success was not the result of a surprise, but of a desperate and prolonged conflict, as deliberately resolved upon as it was resolutely carried out. Being perfectly alive to the fact that a single broadside from the frigate would, if it fairly took effect, go far towards putting the *Speedy* at once *hors de combat*, while the pop-gun 4-pounders of the latter vessel could not possibly, if fired from any distance, produce any material effect, Lord Cochrane gave orders not to fire a gun till they were close to the enemy; “when, running under her lee, he locked his yards amongst her rigging, and in this position returned his broadside, such as it was.” The result of this desperate manœuvre was precisely that the anticipation of which had led Lord Cochrane to its adoption; viz., that, from the great height of the frigate out of the water, her shot could take effect only upon the upper-works of the *Speedy*, whose guns meanwhile, being elevated and doubly-shotted, were blowing up the frigate's main-deck. After the contest had endured in this position for upwards of an hour, during which time two attempts of the Spaniards to put an end to it by boarding had been frustrated by the skilful manner in which Lord Cochrane's vessel was handled, the *Speedy*, though her loss in men was but trifling, had suffered so much in her sails and rigging, that her only chance was either to take the frigate without delay or to be taken herself. Accordingly, leaving the ship's doctor, who volunteered for the service, in charge of the helm, Lord Cochrane threw himself with every soul on board, on the Spaniard's deck. The enemy fought gallantly for

a few minutes until, the Spanish colours having been hauled down by one of Lord Cochrane's men, they, conceiving that the striking of the flag was the act of one of their own officers, laid down their arms. The unhurt prisoners, 263 in number, were driven into the hold, down which their own guns, loaded to the muzzle, were kept constantly pointed; and in this attitude the prize was carried safely into Port Mahon. Thus, with a vessel of 158 tons, carrying fifty-four men, and armed with fourteen 4-pounders, the total weight of whose broadside was only twenty-eight pounds, Lord Cochrane captured a frigate of upwards of 600 tons, carrying 319 men, armed with twenty-two long 12-pounders, eight long 8-pounders, and two 24-pounder carronades, and throwing a broadside of 190 pounds. The loss of the *Speedy* was three killed and eighteen wounded, while that of the Spaniard was fifteen killed and forty-one wounded.

According to the established rules of the service, Lord Cochrane was entitled, as a reward for this gallant exploit, to his immediate promotion to post-rank. But month after month passed away, and though repeated applications to the Admiralty were made both by himself and his friends, his promotion was still delayed. At this time, Lord St. Vincent was at the head of the Admiralty. In the course of his communications with this nobleman, Lord Cochrane was unfortunate and imprudent enough to widen still further the breach which, as we have before stated, already existed between them. His own promotion having been at last tardily conceded, he was unwearied in pressing the claims of Lieut. Parker, his second in command, who had been severely wounded in the final attack on the *Gamo*; when he was met by the answer, that the small number of men killed on board the *Speedy* did not warrant the application. To this rebuff Lord Cochrane made the incautious, though irresistibly tempting rejoinder, that in the very battle from which Lord St. Vincent derived his title, only one man was killed on board the Admiral's ship. The first lord never forgave him this retort; and, from that moment, he was placed permanently on the black books of the Admiralty. His sin was visited, not only on his own head, but also on that of every officer who was so unfortunate as to distinguish himself under his command. If Lord Dundonald's story be correct, Lieut. Parker was completely ruined and literally done to death, by a course of treatment so unutterably shameful as to be well nigh incredible. Even in comparatively unimportant matters, his Lordship was a marked man. One instance of the sleepless vigilance of this official animosity is especially amusing. In order to remedy the frequent dispersion of convoys, consequent on the want of a sufficiently distinguishing light for the protecting frigate, Lord Dundonald contrived a lamp powerful enough to serve as an efficient guide in the darkest night; but the Admiralty refused to adopt, or even to inspect, his plan. Some years later, the Board, induced by the increasing clamour of ship-owners, offered a reward of fifty pounds for the best invention for this purpose: when Lord Dundonald's lamp, which he had taken the precaution to enter under his agent's name, gained the prize. The real authorship of the invention subsequently becoming known, not a single one of the prize-lamps was ever ordered for Admiralty use.

The picture drawn by Lord Dundonald of the manner in which naval affairs were administered at that period, is of the darkest possible description. We have not space to enter into this subject in detail: suffice it to

say that shameless favouritism, followed by gross inefficiency and profligate peculation, was the order of the day.

As the only means of placing himself in a position efficiently to direct public attention to this deplorable state of things, Lord Cochrane resolved to obtain a seat in parliament. The measures which he adopted with a view to this object are related by his lordship with a simple *naïveté* which is inexpressibly amusing. Quite aware of the fact that in wholesale and unscrupulous bribery lay his only chance of success, he selected Honiton as the scene of his operations; and, with his pockets filled with all the cash which he could muster, presented himself to the electors of that respectable borough with the avowed determination of not buying a single vote. As a matter of course, he found himself on the day of polling in a considerable minority, his antagonist having purchased votes from all comers at 5*l.* a head. Immediately after his defeat, Lord Cochrane sent the bellman round the town to announce that every man who had voted for him would, on repairing to his agent, receive the sum of 10*l.* 10*s.*—simply as a reward for his virtue in not having accepted the bribe of the successful candidate. The results of these ingenious tactics were soon apparent. The worthy burghers of Honiton not unnaturally concluded, that a man who was so generous under defeat would set no bounds to his liberality in case of success; and when, at the next election, he solicited their suffrages "in a *vis-à-vis* and six, followed by several carriages and four, filled with officers and seamen of the *Pallas*," they received him in the most enthusiastic manner, and placed him, nothing doubting, at the head of the poll. But when, after the election, they openly claimed a consideration for their valuable services, they were met by their immaculate member with the calm announcement that, "to pay them now would be a violation of his own previously expressed principles." The electors of Honiton were fairly outwitted by his lordship: but it is not without a feeling of satisfaction that we find that they contrived to be even with him after all. Foiled in their endeavour to obtain their legitimate rights, they put it to his generosity whether he would not give his constituents a public supper. "By all means," was the ready reply; "and it will give me great satisfaction to know that so rational a display of patriotism has superseded a system of bribery, which reflects even less credit on the donor than on the recipients." "But," adds his lordship, with touching pathos, "alas, for the vanity of good intentions! The permission thus given was converted into a public treat, not only for my partisans, but for my opponents, their wives, children, and friends; in short for the whole town! The result showed itself in a bill for some twelve hundred pounds! which I refused to pay, but was eventually compelled to liquidate, in a way which will form a very curious episode hereafter." We shall look for this episode with great anxiety in the next volume. The seat which had been obtained in this ingenious fashion turned out, we regret to say, to be anything but a good investment, for after a session of only a few months, parliament was again dissolved. In the ensuing election Lord Cochrane was returned for Westminster, and then at last found himself able to prosecute the design, the furtherance of which had led him to seek a place in parliament. He then lost no time in bringing forward a motion on naval abuses, which was not only negatived without a division, but also produced an immediate cessation of his legislative functions, he being ordered at once to join Lord Collingwood's fleet in the Mediterranean. The

services which, in command of the *Impérieuse*, he rendered on this occasion, principally by destroying the telegraph stations, and otherwise harassing the southern coast of France, were of the most important description; and there are, we think, reasonable grounds for his opinion that, had he been permitted to carry out similar operations in the Bay of Biscay on a larger scale, Napoleon would have been effectually prevented from carrying the war into the Peninsula. We must, however, hasten on to what is at once the most interesting and important episode in the present volume—the attack on the French fleet in the Basque roads.

When, early in 1809, Lord Cochrane returned to Plymouth from the above-mentioned cruise, he was met by a letter from the Admiralty, informing him that serious operations were in contemplation against the French fleet off Rochefort, for which his services would in all probability be required. Earlier in the year Lord Gambier had been appointed to blockade the Brest fleet, which, however, had succeeded, without much difficulty, in eluding his vigilance, and in effecting a junction with the force at Rochefort; and the combined fleets, under Admiral Allemand, were now lying in the Aix roads, protected by the batteries of the Ile d'Aix. Lord Gambier, who with a numerically superior squadron was blockading them in that position, was unwilling to incur the responsibility of taking any active measures against them; and the Admiralty, knowing that Lord Cochrane was well acquainted with the anchorage in those roads, naturally turned to him for assistance. At the request of Lord Mulgrave, the first lord, Lord Cochrane sketched out a plan of attack; but he was so well aware of the jealousy which his appointment to carry it out would inevitably excite in Lord Gambier's fleet, that it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was prevailed upon to undertake the duty. On arriving on the 3rd of April, in the Basque Roads, he not only met with the full realisation of his unpleasant anticipations on his own account, but found also that the state of things in the fleet was altogether most unsatisfactory. Lord Gambier was about as unpopular as a commanding officer could well be. His whole energy was so completely devoted to improving the moral condition of his seamen, that he seemed to have none left for offensive operations against the enemy; and the only activity he manifested was in holding catechetical musters of the crews, and distributing tracts vigorously among the ships of his squadron. A commander of this stamp could not be very congenial to so energetic an officer as Lord Cochrane, who however proceeded without delay to the execution of his plans. These, though very simple, were admirably effective. The obvious method of attacking ships in a position like that then occupied by the French fleet is by means of fire-ships, a mode of attack which is not without both risk to the assailants and uncertainty in its results, since the fire-ships are liable to be boarded by armed boats, and their crews having been murdered, to be diverted into a harmless direction. To obviate this danger, Lord Cochrane proposed to accompany the fire-ships by two explosion-vessels, which he calculated would, independently of their immediate effects, strike such terror into the French as to induce them to cut their cables and run ashore as the only means of escape; and would at the same time deter them from boarding ships, every one of which might, for aught they knew, be of the same destructive nature. That these explosion-vessels were really most formidable machines,



will be at once evident from the following description:

"The nature of the explosion vessels will be best understood from the subjoined description of the manner in which one was prepared under my own directions. The floor of the vessel was rendered as firm as possible, by means of logs placed in close contact, into every crevice of which other substances were firmly wedged, so as to afford the greatest amount of resistance to the explosion. On this foundation were placed a large number of spirit and water casks, into which 1500 barrels of powder were emptied. These casks were set on end, and the whole bound round with hempen cables, so as to resemble a gigantic mortar, thus causing the explosion to take an upward course. In addition to the powder casks were placed several hundred shells, and over these again nearly three thousand-hand grenades; the whole, by means of wedges and sand, being compressed, as nearly as possible into a solid mass."

It was in this infernal machine that Lord Cochrane, on the night of the 11th of April, led the fire-ships to the attack. Its effect is thus vividly described in his lordship's own words:

"To our consternation, the fuses, which had been constructed to burn fifteen minutes, lasted little more than half that time, when the vessel blew up, filling the air with shells, grenades, and rockets; whilst the downward and lateral force of the explosion raised a solitary mountain of water, from the breaking of which in all directions our little boat narrowly escaped being swamped. In one respect it was, perhaps, fortunate for us that the fuses did not burn the time calculated, as, from the little way we had made against the strong head wind and tide, the rockets and shells from the exploded vessel went over us. Had we been in the line of their descent, at the moment of explosion, our destruction, from the shower of broken shells and other missiles, would have been inevitable."

"The explosion vessel did her work well, the effect constituting one of the grandest artificial spectacles imaginable. For a moment, the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of 1500 barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel; whilst the water was strewn with spars, shaken out of the enormous boom, on which, according to the subsequent testimony of Captain Proteau, whose frigate lay just within the boom, the vessel had brought up, before she exploded. The sea was convulsed as by an earthquake, rising, as has been said, in a huge wave, on whose crest our boat was lifted like a cork, and as suddenly dropped into a vast trough, out of which, as it closed upon us with a rush of a whirlpool, none expected to emerge. The skill of the boat's crew, however, overcame the threatened danger, which passed away as suddenly as it had arisen, and in a few minutes nothing but a heavy rolling sea had to be encountered, all having again become silence and darkness."

This was literally the only one of the attacking vessels which produced any effect. "The way in which the fire-ships were managed," says Lord Dundonald, "was grievous." Though they were upwards of twenty in number, only four reached the enemy's position, and not one did any damage. But this single ship was sufficient to produce the expected effect. Not only did her explosion completely destroy the enormous boom by which the enemy's ships were protected, but it inspired such general terror that, when morning broke, the whole of the French fleet, with the exception of two vessels, was seen to be helplessly aground. What followed must be told in Lord Dundonald's own words:

"Reflecting that, from the distance of the British force from the stranded enemy's ships, viz.

from twelve to fourteen miles, the commander-in-chief could not clearly be acquainted with their helpless condition, I directed the signal to be run up, 'The enemy's ships can be destroyed'; this also meeting with the same cool acknowledgment of the answering pennant."

"Not knowing what to make of such a reply, another signal was hoisted, 'Half the fleet can destroy the enemy.' This signal was again acknowledged by the answering pennant, the whole fleet still remaining motionless as before. On this I made several telegraph signals, one of which was probably regarded as impertinent, viz. 'The frigates alone can destroy the enemy,' though it was true enough, their ships aground being perfectly helpless. To my astonishment the answering pennant was still the only reply vouchsafed!

"Eight and nine o'clock passed without any indication of movement on the part of the fleet, though the tide was now fast rising, so that any ships sent to the attack of the stranded vessels would have had the flood-tide to go in and the ebb to return, after having accomplished their destruction; whilst it was evident that if not attacked, the same flood-tide would enable the French ships aground to float and escape, with which view some were heaving their guns and stores overboard. On ascertaining this, I again signaled, 'The enemy is preparing to heave off'; and entertaining no doubt that the Commander-in-chief would not permit such a catastrophe, the *Impérieuse* dropped her anchor close to the Boyart Shoal, in readiness for any service that might be required."

"At 11 A.M. the British fleet weighed, and stood towards Aix Roads. By this time the *Océan*, three-decker, and nearest ships aground were busily employed in heaving off, with a view of making sail for the Charente! The advance of our fleet had been too long delayed; nevertheless, as the bulk of the enemy's ships were still aground, good service might have been rendered. To our amazement, the British fleet, after approaching within seven or eight miles of the grounded ships, again came to anchor about three and a half miles distant from Aix, i.e. just out of range."

"There was no mistaking the admiral's intention in again bringing the fleet to an anchor. Notwithstanding that the enemy had been four hours at our mercy, and to a considerable extent was still so, it was now evident that no attack was intended, and that every enemy's ship would be permitted to float away unmolested and unassailed! I frankly admit that this was too much to be endured. The words of Lord Mulgrave rang in my ears, 'The Admiralty is bent on destroying that fleet before it can get out to the West Indies.'"

In this conjuncture Lord Cochrane, unwilling that the whole French fleet should be allowed to escape, adopted the only means left him for forcing Lord Gambier to attack. He allowed the *Impérieuse* to drift stern foremost towards the enemy's ships; and, when fairly engaged with two or three of them, ran up the signal: "In want of assistance." Upon this Lord Gambier could not avoid sending a few ships to the scene of action, which, however, were recalled when only four of the French vessels had been destroyed. Seldom, perhaps, in the whole annals of naval warfare has so magnificent an opportunity been so recklessly and so deliberately thrown away."

Of Lord Cochrane's subsequent determination to oppose in his place in parliament the vote of thanks with which it was proposed to reward Lord Gambier for this so-called victory, we can only say that, with such an opinion of the real value of that nobleman's services as that recorded in his book, he could not, as an honest and conscientious man, adopt any other course. In consequence of this determination, Lord Gambier demanded a court-martial. This was, of course, granted; and Lord Dundonald's present volume closes some-

what abruptly with a critical account of the proceedings on this occasion. We shall expect the sequel with great curiosity. Our notice of his lordship's work has reached to a greater length than we anticipated, and yet we have been compelled to pass over in silence many stirring incidents in his career. We must refer the reader to the book itself for the account of the capture of the *Speedy* by two French frigates, together with the curious occurrences which followed that mischance; for his lordship's characteristic entry into Plymouth Harbour, after a successful cruise in the *Pallas*, "with three large golden candlesticks, each about five feet high, placed upon the mast-heads;" and of his gallant defence of Fort Trinidad, when the French were besieging Rosas early in the Peninsular War. Neither can we do more than allude to the many sound opinions on matters of naval policy which are scattered throughout the work. Viewed merely as an interesting and graphic narrative of naval adventure, Lord Dundonald's work is second to none with which we are acquainted; and it possesses in addition a still higher and more permanent value as an authentic contemporary record of the stirring events to which it relates.

Dr. Wiseman's Popish Literary Blunders exposed. By Charles Hastings Collette. (Hall, Virtue, & Co.)

NOR long ago a friend of ours wrote a book upon the differences that exist between the two Churches of England and Rome. It was composed in no party-spirit; in fact there was not an argument of his own throughout: it consisted merely of a plain and simple and straightforward statement of facts, which, without comment, he left to speak for themselves. This book he sent to a publisher of high standing, and desired to know upon what terms he would bring out the work. The publisher declined to have anything to do with the matter; and the reason he assigned was to this effect. He could not tell how it was, but he had learned from the experience of many years, that such works as that which our friend had forwarded to him never commanded a sale. One party in the Church would not be likely to buy the book on account of the subject upon which it treated; the other would lend no countenance to it, because there was no abuse in it;—the simple strength of the arguments to be derived from the facts adduced would have no effect in making the work popular. The author of the Exposition of Dr. Wiseman's Literary Blunders appears however to have got hold of the secret of success; at least, if we are right in presuming that he is successful from the long list of his works advertised at the end of the volume; for we cannot imagine that a man would go on writing eight or nine volumes, one after the other, unless something in the shape of profit attended his labours. And yet we very much doubt whether the friend whom we mentioned just now would be inclined to envy Mr. Collette his success; for the very motto which our author prints upon his title-page is more than enough for any one who simply loves the truth, and whose only object it is to vindicate the truth from the assaults of her foes. Where a man has the right on his side, where he knows and feels that he is master of the position, and need not fear the issue of the case, there is no necessity for abuse. Scurrility will only serve to weaken his cause, and will tempt many a would-be reader to lay aside the book—were it ever so well written—at once,

fancying, and naturally too, that if the author calls names, it must be because he has nothing else to say. This to be sure is not quite the case with Mr. Collette, though he runs the risk to which we have alluded.

This book of his against Dr. Wiseman bears on its front the following quotation from *The Pilgrim's Progress*: "The gentleman's name was Mr. Worldly Wiseman. He dwelt in the Town of Carnal Policy:" and this is very offensive. The author may succeed in obtaining readers of a certain class by such means as this: but he is evidently an educated man, and he belongs to a learned profession; and we cannot imagine that this "certain class" is precisely that among whom an educated and a learned man would desire to find his only readers. We are convinced, however, that this is just precisely the way to deter five out of every six of his own standing in society from reading his book.

We do not wish to enter at length upon the subject upon which the author treats in this work. We desire merely to speak of the literary merits of the book, and would leave the Church-question to the consideration of those whose province it more peculiarly is to discuss it. Mr. Collette is a man of great research, and deserves every praise for the labour he has imposed upon himself, in order to establish his position. This is by no means the first time that he has appeared before the public as the champion of the Protestant Church of England, and this is not the first book of his that we have read, written in her defence. But in one and all there is the same disagreeable harshness of language in speaking of his opponents, which does nothing, we can assure him, towards increasing the force of his reasoning, or raising our estimation of the writer. He is evidently well read, and puts his case ably; and if only he were better-tempered about it, his book would be all the more valuable to those for whom it is written, and much more popular than it is ever likely to be among those—of whom after all there are a good many—who can distinguish between empty abuse and sound reasoning, and prefer solid argument to vituperation.

*Lays of the Reformation, and other Lyrics, Scriptural and Miscellaneous.* By Jane Crewdson. (London: Hatchard & Co.)

THIS is a book animated by a pure and sweet spirit: not all poetry, and certainly not all prose gone mad, and wearing its jingling cap and bells. It contains many delightful pictures and many pleasant passages, and affords ample evidences of ability, of careful manipulation, and of general culture and accomplishment; but the powers of the authoress are unequal to the task which she has imposed upon herself. She can describe minute details, but she cannot paint a complete picture; she has sufficient insight and discrimination to seize upon small individual traits, but she cannot grasp an entire character; she can present us with many pleasant little episodes, but she cannot construct a story, or give it epic conity and completeness. There is too much of scenery and too little of life and action in her poems, which are—to borrow German phraseology—neither wholly objective nor exclusively subjective. Her "Lays" are graceful and musical apologies for waiving the difficulties of the theme which she has undertaken to sing; there is no strong and steady conception, no vigorous grappling with very obvious difficulties, no attempt to enter into the inner life of the historical personages of

her lyrical dramas, and no effort at general effect. Artistically, therefore, her "Lays" must be pronounced failures; and yet such a verdict would be unjust towards the tender feeling, the fine taste, the melody, the occasional rapture, and the true poetry which meet us on her pages.

The volume is divided into three distinct parts: "Lays of the Reformation," "Scripture Lyrics," and "Miscellaneous Poems." The first piece in the collection, "Morning Stars," is a fair specimen of the author's manner. It is light, graceful, pleasing, with an occasional thought here and there of more than ordinary beauty. The "Morning Stars" alluded to are Geoffrey Chaucer and John Wycliffe; the former the father of English poetry, and the latter the great reformer. The connexion here indicated may seem rather fanciful and vague; and yet there can be little doubt that a personal friendship subsisted between the courtly poet and the rector of Lutterworth. Moreover, both contributed to settle and fix the language of their native land, which was then capriciously fluctuating between the Norman-French and the Anglicised Saxon. And again, both were valiant champions for truth and liberty of conscience, and haters of shams and hypocrisy; and while the one preached against the abuses and corruptions of the Church, the other lashed them most unmercifully in his courtly and polished strains. The poem opens at Egglestone Priory, and introduces us to the sleepy monks chanting drowsily the matin hymn, every note of which they know so well that they could "sing it in a dream." The youthful Wycliffe attends daily at the priory, and receives such instruction as the monks are able to impart: the placid beauty of his face, his broad bright brow, his "introverted eyes," his habitual seriousness, and the decided preference which he manifests for Scriptural histories, impress the monks deeply, some of whom prognosticate a troublesome, though a grand future for their beloved pupil. The second part introduces two figures pacing side by side up "Thorsgill's broomy glade," who turn out to be Wycliffe and Chaucer. The poet is full of enthusiasm, and has bright visions of earthly fame and glory; the young evangelist is grave and solemn as usual, but is possessed with a passion no less strong and enthusiastic, and imparts some of his spiritual ardour to his companion. The two figures are suddenly snatched away, and then we have, in the third part, a solitary horseman ambling into sight out from a deep, rich lane. It is Chaucer, youthful no more. Time has passed his ploughshare roughly across his features, and though he is still meditating a dewy stanza in a "lay about a 'Flower and Leaf,'" it is evident that trouble and sorrow have not left him unscathed. The sound of the curfew bell disturbs his meditations; he pushes on, and suddenly finds himself before an ancient church, about which the sweet "Amen" seems still lingering, so peaceful is it amid its shadowy elms, and so still now that the congregation has poured forth over brook, up hill, and along the twilight valleys. Scattered members of the congregation are met by the poet, and—

"The poet wondered to behold  
The light of gentle grace,  
Which shone, as from a lamp of gold,  
On every peasant's face:  
A look of holy peace, that told  
The flock had found the shepherd's fold;  
A quiet resting-place!"

The halt and aged seemed to lean  
Upon some secret stay;  
The heavy-laden to have seen  
Their burden rolled away:  
The solaced mourner to have been  
Where she could weep and pray.

Like picture of some saint of yore,  
In Gothic niche portrayed,  
The preacher, from the low-arched door,  
Emerges from the shade:  
While sunset glories, floating o'er,  
A golden nimbus, softly pour  
Around his snow-white head."

Of course the church is shut wherein Wycliffe holds forth. The poet, world-weary and worn out, has come to see his old intimate, and seek counsel and support. The friends being seated side by side in the parsonage, the poet thus addresses his old acquaintance the "Gospeller":

"WYCLIFFE! How soft the shadows lay  
Beneath those summer trees,  
When we twain dreamed our dreams one day,  
Beside the banks of Tees!  
E'en as that stream, in reckless play,  
Tossed to the winds its foamy spray,  
So have I tossed life's wine away,  
And sucked the bitter lees."

"Though kings have twined my laureate wreath,  
And warriors sung my praise;  
Though time hath breathed immortal breath  
Upon my deathless lays;  
And princes crouched to bask beneath  
The sparkle of my rays."

"'Twas only while my merry jest  
Could brim the festal bowl,  
And while my witty laugh gave zest  
To the dull worldling's rôle,  
That CHAUCER's jewelled baldrick pressed  
Across this troubled soul."

"'Twas all a dream! Life's only truth  
Was once,—in stormy fight,  
When stood the friend of Geoffrey's youth,  
Braving the crozier's might;  
And the court-poet, bland and smooth,  
Defied man's threat, and scorned his ruth,  
And stood by WYCLIFFE's right."

"The dream was o'er! I woke at last  
To find the laurel crown  
Shiv'ring in autumn's stormy blast,  
Blighted, and sere, and brown;  
And from my lute—mine idol—passed  
The glory and renown."

"Like a tired child, come home at night,  
With lagging, faltering tread;  
(His hollow reed in tuneless plight,  
His flowers all dank and dead,)  
I come to borrow of thy light,  
To find my way to bed!"

In this light, though delicate and discriminating, manner does the authoress touch her large themes. Wycliffe running to school at the priory, Chaucer and the reformer exchanging sentiments and expressing youthful hopes, and the final meeting between the poet and the rector of Lutterworth, are all well conceived and well described; but the struggles through which both had to pass, and the mighty life which throbbed in the veins of both, could not be set to musical verse, could not even be apprehended by the author of "Aunt Jane's Verses for Children," and therefore she has wisely left such matters alone.

In a like spirit is the career of Luther glanced at rather than embodied, in the poems entitled "The Schloss-Kirche Door," "Luther at Worms," and the "Lay of the Wartburg." All these productions are graceful and musical, and all of them are true to life so far as they go; but they afford no adequate idea of the impassioned nature, the imperious egotism, the indomitable will, and the grand Catholic spirit which filled the mighty monk of Saxony. They have little, if any, dramatic interest; they merely afford passing and pleasant glimpses of some of the more salient points in Luther's character, and hurried sketches, graphic and well finished though they be, of some of the well-known incidents in his career.

The "Scripture Lyrics" are generally more satisfactory than the "Lays," because they evidently tax the writer's powers less painfully. They embalm such subjects as "The Boy of Lystra," "Jephtha's Daughter," "A Voyage from Troas to Neapolis," "Eliëzer at the Fountain," and many others of a similar character which afford scope for pictorial treatment. The whole of these poems are far above the average quality of verses so plenti-



fully offered for the public acceptance. Among the miscellaneous poems, the little piece entitled "My Grandmother's Walking-cane" is, in our opinion, decidedly the best. It is seldom that anything so simply sweet, so true and so tender, meets our eye. We must quote it, in order that our readers may participate in our pleasure:—

"With reverent love I call to mind,  
And picture, o'er again  
The feeble hand which used to rest  
Upon that polished cane.  
Things bright and fair dissolve in air,  
And strong wax weak—but ah!  
I see thee, clear as yesterday,  
My long-lost Grandmamma!

"The bonnet, and the silken cloak,  
With quaintly fashioned hood;  
The plaiting of the cambric sleeve,  
Held by its golden stud;  
The ample gown of poplin brown,  
With long and flowing train;  
And the mottened hand which leaned for strength  
Upon the Indian cane.

"Alas! it was a halting step,  
It was a faltering pace;  
But there was love which faltered not  
Upon her gentle face.  
And there was light, from out of sight,  
Upon that revered head,  
From regions whither she was bound,  
With firm and steady tread.

"I mind me how my young round hand  
Did love to clear away  
The small fir-cones and pebble stones  
That in her pathway lay;  
Scarce wotting half the patient love  
That strove, with soft caress,  
To sweep the thorns from off the path  
Of childhood motherless!

"Alas! the step on gravelled walk  
Grew rare—and yet more rare;  
And then—instead of staff and shoe,  
The slow-paced wheeling chair;  
And then—ah me! they folded up  
The out-of-doors attire,  
And placed the padded elbow-chair  
Beside the chamber fire.

"I mind me (how should I forget?)  
My footstool at her knee;  
The quiet talk—the dainty cup  
From which she sipped her tea.  
I mind me of the "bon-bon" box,  
The trinkets, quaint and old;  
And Queen Penelope, embossed  
On watch of massive gold.

"But more than all, the patient smile—  
The meek and gentle voice—  
The whispered "Hush!" which quickly checked  
The too hilarious noise—  
The listening ear—the ready tear  
For others' grief or pain:—  
But wherefore dive for memory's pearls  
Adown life's troubled main?

"There was a sound of startled feet,  
Fast hurrying to and fro,  
And then a hush of quietness,  
And movements dull and slow;  
And then—ah, me! in darkened rooms  
Our tear-drops fell like rain;  
And then they placed aside the chair,  
And put away the cane!"

We have read these poems with much pleasure ourselves, and we doubt not that our readers will enjoy their high religious tone, their rapid but faithful picturesqueness, their faultless music, and their many delicate delineations; and to the volume itself we heartily commend them.

**Christmas: its Customs and Carols.** With compressed Vocal Score of select Choral Illustrations. By W. Wallace Fyfe. (London: James Blackwood, 1860.)

At this genial season of the year, books like the one before us are especially welcome. It is a common complaint, that this driving, bustling age, is not favourable to the development of what is still fondly called the old English spirit, and which still lingers about old manor-houses, such as George Dodgson gives us. While joining in this complaint, we must, at the same time, protest against the lukewarmness which in reality causes it. And, moreover, we feel bound to notice all helps towards the maintenance of the aforesaid

spirit. This year has been singularly dull, although the lists of the various publishers include several excellent books on the subject.

Mr. Fyfe's contribution to Christmas literature, is worthy of his experienced pen. It is a pleasant book; full of good-tempered gossip, interspersed with more valuable matter. Much of history and folk-lore is presented in a small compass. No slight amount of scholarship is condensed within these pages. But all is given so unpretentiously, that we fancy we are being simply amused, while, in reality, we are deriving solid instruction. The recounting of Christmas antiquities, &c., has long been a favourite topic with authors. Perhaps no one has written more delightfully thereon than our lamented Washington Irving. Who does not call to mind the glories of his *Bracebridge Hall*? Mr. Fyfe's work is not in the style of this famous model. But a large share of the excellent spirit—the universal charity—the good word for everybody—which distinguished the writings of the gifted American, is evinced in his pages. Thanks to our author, we can now combine the philosophy of Christmas with its jollity,—and mingle with our friendly bowl, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The book is divided into two parts. The first treats of Christmas customs; the second, of Christmas carols. Foremost among the more noticeable customs appear the various dishes common to the time,—as "turkeys, geese, and brawn." Then we are informed as to the etymology of the word so well known, and so beloved by school-boys, not to say "children of a larger growth;" besides having the recipe of the *pie* "despatched from Howick Hall, for Sir Henry Grey, at Christmas, 1767," which, for size and contents, must have been terrific, and quite sinks the one in which Jeffrey Hudson was served up, by way of a dainty dish to set before a king. Next we are allowed to quaff "spiced tankards." A few remarks on "roasted apples," call to our mind visions of "lambswool,"—and, by way of ornament to our festive banquet, we have garlands of "holly, ivy, and mistletoe." A history of the far-famed Glastonbury Thorn forms an appropriate pendant to the evergreens, and leads on to the "Folk-lore of the Mistletoe;" the "Contention of the Ivy and Mistletoe," "Bacchus and the Ivy," &c. "Bacchus ever fair and young" soon gives place to some appropriate songs from our poets. Among them, Southey's exquisite "Holly Tree," and Southey's favourite, George Withers' "merry poem of Christmas," deserve especial notice, as being well introduced. Such established favourites are always welcome. Indeed, the quotations are throughout in good taste, and form a principal charm in this pleasing volume, enriched as they are by Mr. Fyfe's sagacious running criticisms and suggestions.

Bishop Corbet, whose wit was honoured by Fuller's hearty commendation, contributes his well-known "Fairies' Farewell." We have hardly finished these graceful verses,—which, by the way, have been quoted and praised by Professor Mason, in his "Life of Milton,"—than we are introduced to the "Greek Aunt Sally," with whose help, in addition to a clever description of "Christmas as it is," the first part is concluded.

Part II. is more valuable, because more learned than is Part I. Mr. Fyfe, however, never becomes dull. Dryness and erudition are not synonymous with him. On the contrary, his sketch of the history of carols is as interesting as a romance. Much of it was originally given in a lecture, delivered in Dorchester. The good people of Dorchester may well be proud of their gifted townsman. He

has ransacked many volumes to produce his own. Albeit it is of a modest size. There is naught of the old folio about it, in any sense of the word. The author owns his obligations to the Rev. W. Barnes, in his researches respecting the origin of the word Carol. We cannot do better than quote his remarks thereon:

"The term Carol has, of all, the most doubtful origin. Lexicographers have agreed upon its possible derivation from the Italian, strongly suggesting, however, a far more probable derivation from the Welsh. One thing may be said of each etymon, which, so far as we are aware, cannot be predicated of any other, that it accords in euphony with the term. Whereas, although it might be thought that, if Italian, the word must have a Latin origin, there are no words in the Latin nearer than *Choreola*, *Choraulæ*, &c., having, besides the difference of orthography in each instance, applications which raise a doubt of their identity in signification; and, of course, *xopos* (*Chorus*), &c., in the Greek, are liable to the same objections. These objections, at the same time, are by no means so serious that they might not be overcome, were the Welsh word *Carawl* not a preferable root. We have consulted one of the best living authorities—the Rev. William Barnes, B.D., author of 'Notes on Ancient Britain and the British'—on this subject, and subjoin his opinion, that the root is neither Latin nor Teutonic—a verdict in which we confess ourselves now disposed to acquiesce. 'A Carol or Caroll,' says Mr. Barnes, in a communication to the author, 'in the sense of a hymn or Christmas Carol, is given in the "*Promptorium Parvulorum*," an English-Latin vocabulary, written by a monk of Lynn, A.D. 1440; and the Welsh language has "*Carawl*," a Carol, and "*Carawl kaf*—a may-zong," for the British festival of summer. The word Carol seems to be Celtic, as it is not Latin or Teutonic, and may have gotten into French and Italian, like some other words, from the speech of the Gauls. Among the relics of the Celtic-Cornish language are some Christmas "Carols," which must have been written when British language was spoken in Cornwall, before the time of Elizabeth. The earliest English Carol, extant under that name, is 'a Carolle of Huntynge,' by Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of St. Albans, born at the end of the fourteenth century (1378), and who cannot be proved to have been alive after 1460, although her 'Carolle' did not appear in print till 1486, when it was first imprinted by Wynkyn de Worde."

We next come to some interesting notes on the chants used to accompany the Noels or Carols. Our musical readers will be delighted to find several fine chants given in compressed score. Numerous characteristic anecdotes of the composers, with sketches of their lives, are added. By the way, a good set of *Lives* of eminent English Composers is still a desideratum. Did our space admit it, we should gladly quote from these pages. As it is, we can only strongly recommend our readers to peruse Mr. Fyfe's volume for themselves. Whether "Christmas Carols," "Ecclesiastical Chants," "popular religious Carols," "festive Carols," or "current Carols," are discussed, our author is always chatty and instructive—mingling much information with his Christmas cheer.

In conclusion, we must remark the ease and vigour of Mr. Fyfe's style. He is quite unaffected; and writes clear, nervous English, disfigured by no Anglo-Germanic barbarisms. Of course he tells anecdotes well—what Scotsman does not? As Mr. Thackeray says, "he is a little proud of his *anygoats*." But then they are really very good. By no means smacking of the "flour from Joseph Miller," which that excellent ecclesiastic, Father Prout, warns the aforesaid Mr. Thackeray not to offer the readers of his new *cereal*. The book is tastefully got

up; altogether well adapted for a present. By some mischance, the author, we presume, intrusted the correction of the press to some friend—as part of the proof-sheets did not come under his inspection. The consequence is, a few mistakes, which, while not noticeable to the general reader, might serve as occasion of faultfinding to bilious critics. For ourselves, we are so much pleased with the book, that slips of the pen are as naught to us—and, in tendering Mr. Fyfe our thanks, we wish him the compliments of the season he has so well illustrated, and hope, in due time, to be favoured with another Christmas Book from his graphic pen.

*The Historical Evidence of the Truth of the Scripture Records, stated anew, with special Reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times*, in eight lectures, delivered in the Oxford University Pulpit, at the Bampton Lecture for 1859. By George Rawlinson, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College. (Murray, 1859.)

It is no uncommon occurrence to put the Holy Scriptures upon their defence, and to claim for them the authenticity and inspiration which they have from age to age demanded. Scarcely a century elapses without old objections being resuscitated against their validity, their truths being denied, and their integrity disputed. Yet it is an undoubted fact that, however severe the attack, and however earnest the criticism, they come out of the furnace not only unscathed, but brighter and purer than they ever were before. In modern times the Neology of Germany has attempted to invalidate the sacred text, to destroy its literal teaching, and to reduce its great and momentous truths to the level of a mere myth, if not to that of an unscrupulous fabrication. No pains have been spared, no effort left untried, to make it appear that they tend to cramp human intelligence, to burden mankind with ridiculous terrors, and to fetter the mind with puerilities, alike unworthy of regard or of consideration. The coarse vulgarity of a Paine, the polished mystification of a Hume, and the elegant English of a Gibbon, have however in the present age entirely given place to the suggestion of doubts rather than to vehemence of assault, and to learned dissertations rather than ignorant insinuation; and in this respect great skill is doubtless exercised, simply with a view to break down the authority of the Old and New Testament, by a series of attempts at that often successful work of ridicule—a *reductio ad absurdum*. It cannot be doubted, however, that modern infidelity has greatly advanced upon the tactics of its past supporters; for, by means of an assumption of criticism and a parade of learning, it has certainly gained many converts, whom a coarser and less elaborate system of perversion would not have influenced. The Holy Scriptures, however, notwithstanding the modern and established method of throwing contempt upon whatever is serious and holy, can endure quite as much, and more, of unscrupulous perversity than it has already borne; and will invariably find defenders as skilful as their opponents, and possessing an amount of scholarship and research before which objectors are fain speedily to shrink into obscurity. Providence, too, invariably raises up new proofs upon fresh investigation, to show that no profane writings that are extant possess a tithe-part of the sure and certain evidences to demonstrate their integrity; and that however bitter and clever may be the tactics to reduce

them into degradation and ruin, the proofs that are constantly and unexpectedly eliminated are more than enough, and would be taken without hesitation on any other subject, to establish their validity. English, no less than German orthodox divines, have for a long time endured the laborious propensity to make the Word of God of none effect, without attempting to supply an adequate answer; so long, indeed, that the disciples of Strauss, and the *alumni* of Bauer, and other notorious neologists, had almost begun to imagine that they remained masters of the field. But, just at the hour when they were pluming themselves upon an easy victory, and congratulating themselves that they had destroyed every vitality of hope in the human breast by invalidating the teaching of the Scriptures, champions have arisen, before whose simple investigation and learned rebuke they have fallen, even as the Philistine of yore succumbed before the sling and the stone of the shepherd-boy of Israel. It would be beside our object in this instance to enumerate the several modern giants of theology whom Germany has recently raised up to confound the opponents of divine truth, and to dissipate their heresy,—a work they have performed by means of such erudition on the one hand, and by so much of logical acumen on the other, as to have annihilated the very notion that the slightest damage has been done to the authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures by human perverseness. We have in this instance to deal with one of our own divines, who, following in the wake of the German champions of whom we have spoken, has entered the arena, and completed what Mr. Mansel—another learned English divine—last year began by means of the same weapon—the Bampton Lecture in the University of Oxford, which was especially endowed for “the establishment and confirmation of the Christian faith, and for the confutation of all heretics and schismatics—upon the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures—upon the authority of the writings of the primitive Fathers, as to the faith and practice of the primitive Church—upon the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—upon the Divinity of the Holy Ghost—upon the Articles of the Christian Faith, as comprehended in the Apostles’ and Nicene Creeds.”

Mr. Mansel took the ground of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures for his subject, and met his opponents with so much intelligence and ability, that he has never ceased to be abused by them in good set terms, which in itself is a sure proof that his efforts have not been made in vain to confute the caviller and to frustrate his intentions. Mr. Rawlinson, however, has adopted a totally different line, by taking up the subject where Mr. Mansel left it, and has been equally successful in demolishing the mythical theory by reference to recently discovered records, which his own brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Mr. Layard have disinterred after the burial of many centuries. In doing this Mr. Rawlinson has collected a mass of facts, establishing the verity of the Old Testament history, that nothing can invalidate; yet he has only in effect been permitted to touch the surface, inasmuch as the hosts of cuneiform inscriptions upon the marbles of the discovered palaces which yet remain to be deciphered at present, are only in the primary course of interpretation, and, when elucidated, must at once and for ever annihilate the suggestions of the caviller and silence his doubts and perversions.

In undertaking this most important—and as we can but think most satisfactory—defence of the validity of the Old Testament histories,

Mr. Rawlinson thus succinctly and clearly indicates his purpose in his first lecture:

“Leaving untouched the question of the inspiration of Scripture, and its consequent title to outweigh all conflicting testimony whatever, I propose briefly to review the historical evidence for the orthodox belief. My object will be to meet the reasoning of the historical sceptics on their own ground. I do not indeed undertake to consider and answer their minute and multitudinous cavils, which would be an endless task, and which is moreover unnecessary, as to a great extent the cavillers meet and answer one another; but I hope to show, without assuming the inspiration of the Bible, that for the great facts of revealed religion, the miraculous history of the Jews, and the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of Christ, as well as for his miracles and those of his apostles, the historical evidence which we possess is of an authentic and satisfactory character. I shall review this evidence in the light and by the laws of the modern historical criticism, so far as they seem to be established. Those laws appear to me to be sound; and their natural and real bearing is to increase instead of diminishing the weight of the Christian evidences. It is not from a legitimate and proper application of them that faith has suffered, but partly from their neglect or misapplication, partly from the intrusion among them of a single unproved and irrational opinion.”

The reasons for Mr. Rawlinson’s adoption of such a purpose, as here set out, he thus further explains, the conclusiveness of which speaks very highly for his polemical powers of insight and induction:

“The sacred records themselves are the main proof of the events related in them. Waiving the question of their inspiration, I propose to view them simply as a mass of documents, subject to the laws, and to be judged by the principles of historical criticism; I shall briefly discuss their genuineness, where it has been called in question, and vindicate their authenticity. Where two or more documents belong to the same time, I shall endeavour to exhibit some of their most remarkable points of agreement: I shall not, however, dwell at much length on this portion of the inquiry. It is of pre-eminent importance, but its pre-eminence has secured it a large amount of attention on the part of Christian writers; and I cannot hope to add much to the labours of those who have preceded me in this field. There is, however, a second and distinct kind of evidence, which has not (I think) received of late as much consideration as it deserves—I mean the *external* evidence to the truth of the Bible records, whether contained in monuments, in the works of profane writers, in customs and observances now existing or known to have existed, or finally in the works of believers nearly contemporary with any of the events narrated. The evidence under some of these heads has recently received important accessions, and fresh light has been thrown in certain cases on the character and comparative value of the writers. It seems to be time to bid the nations of the earth once more ‘bring forth their witnesses,’ and ‘declare’ and ‘show us’ what it is which they record of the ‘former things’—that they may at once justify and ‘be justified’—in part directly confirming the Scripture narrative, in part silent but not adverse, content to ‘hear’ and say, ‘It is truth.’ ‘Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord,’—even ‘the blind people, that have eyes; and the deaf, that have ears’—‘Ye are my witnesses—and my servant whom I have chosen.’ The testimony of the sacred and the profane is not conflicting, but consentient—and the comparison of the two will show, not discord, but harmony.”

As, however, the main feature of Mr. Rawlinson’s proofs of the authenticity of the Scriptures are drawn from the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, and those proofs are the most interesting portions of his lectures, it is important to examine how he deals with



them, and makes them serve his purpose. In speaking of Sennacherib, the following observations are very clear and conclusive:

"The Assyrian monarch who appears in Scripture as most probably the successor of Sargon is Sennacherib, whom the monuments show to have been his son. Two expeditions of this prince against Hezekiah are related; and each of them receives a very striking confirmation from a profane source. The sacred writers tell us that on the first occasion, Hezekiah having thrown off the allegiance which the kings of Judah appear to have paid to Assyria at least from the time of Ahaz' message to Tiglath-Pileser, 'Sennacherib, king of Assyria, came up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them; and Hezekiah, king of Judah, sent to the king of Assyria to Lachish, saying, I have offended; return from me: that which thou putttest upon me, I will bear: and the king of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah, king of Judah, three hundred talents of silver and thirty talents of gold.' The annals of Sennacherib contain a full account of this campaign. 'And because Hezekiah, king of Judah,' says Sennacherib, 'would not submit to my yoke, I came up against him, and by force of arms and by the might of my power I took *forty-six of his strong fenced cities*; and of the smaller towns which were scattered about, I took and plundered a countless number. And from these places I captured and carried off as spoil 200,150 people, old and young, male and female, together with horses and mares, asses and camels, oxen and sheep, a countless multitude. And Hezekiah himself I shut up in Jerusalem, his capital city, like a bird in a cage, building towers round the city to hem him in, and raising banks of earth against the gates, so as to prevent escape. . . . Then upon this Hezekiah there fell the fear of the power of my arms, and he sent out to me the chiefs and the elders of Jerusalem *with thirty talents of gold*, and eight hundred talents of silver, and divers treasures, a rich and immense booty. . . . All these things were brought to me at Nineveh, the seat of my government, Hezekiah having sent them by way of tribute, and as a token of his submission to my power.' It is needless to particularise the points of agreement between these narratives. The only discrepancy is in the amount of the silver which Sennacherib received; and here we may easily conceive, either that the Assyrian king has exaggerated, or that he has counted in a portion of the spoil, while the sacred writer has merely mentioned the sum agreed to be paid as tribute."

This is followed by the following interesting account of Esarhaddon:

"Esarhaddon is distinctly stated in Scripture to have been the son and successor of Sennacherib. As usual, the monuments are in complete accordance. Esarhaddon everywhere calls himself the son of Sennacherib; and there is no appearance in the native records of any king having intervened between the two. The events belonging to the reign of Esarhaddon, which are introduced by the sacred writers into their narrative, are but few. As his father was contemporary with Hezekiah, we naturally regard him as falling into the time of Manasseh; and it has therefore been generally felt that he should be the king of Assyria, whose captains "took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon." The monuments confirm the synchronism which Scripture implies, by distinctly mentioning "Manasseh, king of Judah," among the tributaries of Esarhaddon; and though no direct confirmation has as yet been found of the captivity and restoration of the Jewish monarch, yet the narrative contains an incidental allusion which is in very remarkable harmony with the native records. One is greatly surprised at first hearing that the generals of an Assyrian king, on capturing a rebel, carried him to Babylon instead of Nineveh—one is almost inclined to suspect a mistake. 'What has a king of Assyria to do with Babylon?' one naturally asks. The reply is, that Esarhaddon, and he only of all the

Assyrian kings, actually was king of Babylon—that he built a palace, and occasionally held his court there—and that consequently a captive was as likely to be brought to him at that city as at the metropolis of Assyria Proper. Had the narrative fallen under the reign of any other Assyrian monarch, this explanation could not have been given; and the difficulty would have been considerable. Occurring where it does, it furnishes no difficulty at all, but is one of those small points of incidental agreement which are more satisfactory to a candid mind than even a very large amount of harmony in the main narrative."

In all these references to the hitherto most obscure portions of the Old Testament history, Mr. Rawlinson has thus met the objections to their authenticity with proofs that cannot be classed as inventions, or be insinuated as having been based upon mere idea and far-fetched supposition. Even, however, where this charge may probably be alleged against him—for modern infidels, like their predecessors of earlier times, are only too glad to seize upon any peg whereby to hang a sophistry—he clears the way so ably, and with so much discrimination, as to convince every candid inquirer that his deductions are neither extravagant nor improbable. We have an instance of this in the manner of his clearing up the long-disputed point, that the Belshazzar of the Book of Daniel was an invention of the person who compiled that book and obtained its admission into the sacred canon. Mr. Rawlinson thus meets this hitherto imagined strong point of modern infidelity:

"Of the son of Neriglissar, who was a mere child, and reigned but a few months, Scripture certainly contains no trace. Whether his successor, the last native king of the Canon, whose name is there given as Nabonadius, and who appears elsewhere as Nabonidochus, Nabonnedus, or Labynetus—whether this monarch has a place in the Scriptural narrative or no, has long been a matter of dispute among the learned. That there is no name in the least resembling Nabonadius in the Bible, is granted. But it has been by many supposed that that prince must be identical with Daniel's Belshazzar—the last native ruler mentioned in Scripture. The great diversity, however, of the two names, coupled with the fact that in every other case of a Semitic monarch—whether Assyrian or Babylonian—the Hebrew representative is a near expression of the vernacular term, has always made this theory unsatisfactory; and Rationalists, finding no better explanation than this of the acknowledged difficulty, have been emboldened to declare that Daniel's account of Belshazzar is a pure invention of his own, that it contradicts Berosus, and is an unmistakable indication of the unhistorical character which attaches to the entire narrative. It was difficult to meet the arguments of these objectors in former times. Not only could they point to the want of confirmation by any profane writer of the name Belshazzar, but they could urge further "contradictions." Berosus, they could say, made the last Babylonian monarch absent from the city at the time of its capture by the Persians. He spoke of him as taken prisoner afterwards at Borsippa, and as then not slain, but treated with much kindness by Cyrus. Thus the two narratives of the fall of Babylon appeared to be wholly irreconcilable, and some were driven to suppose two falls of Babylon, to escape the seeming contrariety. But out of all this confusion and uncertainty a very small and simple discovery, made a few years since, has educed order and harmony in a very remarkable way. It is found that Nabonadius, the last king of the Canon, associated with him on the throne during the later years of his reign his son *Bilshar-uzur*, and allowed him the royal title. There can be little doubt that it was this prince who conducted the defence of Babylon, and was slain in the massacre which followed upon the capture; while his father, who was at the time in Bor-

sippa, surrendered, and experienced the clemency which was generally shown to fallen kings by the Persians."

It must not be supposed, however, from our particular reference to this period of the sacred historical writings, that Mr. Rawlinson has exclusively confined himself to the verification of their truth and authenticity. The importance of the Assyrian and other recently discovered antiquities is indeed made the principal feature of his discourses; but he does not omit to trace up the entire *catena* of proof from the Pentateuch to the end of the New Testament, as indicating the inadmissibility of the reception of the opinions of recent objectors, however subtle their theory, and clever their elucidation. It is, however, evident, that he had neither time nor opportunity to handle the former and the latter portions of his subject with the same earnestness and preciseness which he has brought to bear upon the interpretation of the recently discovered cuneiform evidences. We do not mean to assert that there is imperfection or want of decision in his dealing with either of these particulars, but as he perhaps wisely felt that what he had to do in this respect had been quite as ably, not better, done before him by others, he cannot be blamed for having made particulars secondary to the chief design of his labours. Of late years the Bampton Lectures have obtained no remarkable consideration; indeed the supposition had become general, that even the term tip-top mediocrity could scarcely be applied to them. Mr. Mansel, however, revived them from the decay into which they were rapidly falling, and Mr. Rawlinson has now upheld their character in a similar ratio; so long as the Bampton Lectures, therefore, hold the position they were intended to maintain for the defence of the Holy Scriptures, Mr. Rawlinson's remarks will place him unquestionably amongst the number of the ablest divines who are included in the long series of University preachers.

*Kitchi-Gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior.* By J. G. Kohl. (London: Chapman and Hall.)

We have often thought that we do not know nearly enough of the aboriginal inhabitants of the New World. Much has indeed at different times and in different ways been said and written about them, yet even still they seem to be strangers to us; and while the whole race of red-skins is fast dying out, it appears likely that at any rate in Europe they will leave but small memorials behind them. Cooper in his novels has done something, and Catlin by his exhibition and his book even more, to give us some insight into the manners and customs of several tribes; Longfellow in his *Hiawatha* has taught us some of their beautiful traditions; and now we have an intelligent traveller to afford us fresh knowledge both of the mode of life and traditions, chiefly of the Ojibbeways, and to tell us the result of his experience, derived from a recent lengthened sojourn among them.

Kitchi-Gami in the Ojibbeway language is equivalent to the "big water," and is the name of that inland sea which we call Lake Superior. Longfellow in his *Hiawatha* spells it Gitchi Gumees; but it appears that most authors agree in Mr. Kohl's form of the name. This glorious lake, which lies between Canada and the United States, is about as large, our author tells us, as the kingdoms of Bavaria and Württemberg together; and it was on an island in the western part of the lake that he made his principal

stay. The writer appears to have made a judicious use of the opportunities he enjoyed of learning something more than Europeans generally know of the tribes among whom he dwelt. He tells us that he had read nearly all that had been written about them; and the chief value of his book consists in the fact that he has not gone over old ground, but has especially made it his object to impart to us information on his subject which we did not possess before; and as far as he has been able to go, he has performed his task very well. His work—which has been ably translated from the original German by Mr. Lascelles Wrixall—was designed as a "Contribution to the Knowledge of Indian Character." By the author's fellow-countrymen his labours appear to have been well appreciated; and we can, we think, augur for the present translation a like success.

In order to arrive at the most accurate information with regard to the objects of his researches, Mr. Kohl, in the summer of 1855, settled down in the midst of the Ojibbeways, and built his own wigwam and kindled his own fire in one of their villages. Thus placed, nothing could go on among his neighbours without his knowledge. He begins his book with a detailed account of the building of his wigwam, or rather "wigwam;" which word, we are told, is derived from "wigwags," the birch-tree or its bark; though it is used by the English to designate every Indian hut, whether made of birch-bark or not.

It is curious to read of the dandyism of an Indian brave. From our author's account, no Parisian coquette can be much more careful about her personal appearance than some of the young Ojibbeway warriors. The only difference is, that whereas the former regards more the colour of her dress, the Indian confines his attention to the colour of his face. Daily will he appear with a different pattern, of all colours and forms, and painted oftentimes without the slightest respect either to the shape of the face or the position of its features. Sometimes the face is divided into two parts by a line running straight down the nose, and one cheek is buried in gloom, while the other blazes with the brightest arabesques that the gaudiest colours can produce; at other times the line of demarcation is drawn across the nose, and the eyes gleam out from some sombre tints, and all below the nose is radiant and lustrous.

The notion of the Indian character which we obtain from Mr. Kohl's book is good, and very different from that which we derive from less travelled writers or more superficial observers, who not unfrequently lead us to look upon the Indian as mean, selfish, and dishonest. The experience of the author of the present work teaches us that the mean man is scouted by his tribe; that the Indian in his natural state is more than unselfish, he is most self-denying in his liberality; while the perfect security with which a handful of unarmed white men lived, with wares of great value, in the midst of hundreds of armed Ojibbeways, without a single soldier to protect them, will put to shame the bolting and the barring which are so necessary to defend the Englishman from the depredations of his enlightened fellow-countrymen. Perhaps they who border upon the territories of the white men may be all that other writers have represented them to be; partial civilisation, rendering them less Indians but no more white men than before, undermines their native character; they are cheated, and so they learn to cheat; and the fire-water but too often quenches entirely any spark of natural nobleness that they may have left. "The

Ojibbeways," said an old lady of the tribe one day to our author, when he desired to hear some of her many stories,

"The Ojibbeways have all lost their memory. The Americans have made them weak. Our people do not talk so much about their own affairs now as they used to do. They no longer feel the same pleasure in telling the old stories, and they are being forgotten, and the traditions and fables rooted out. You often ask after them, but you seldom find any one who can give you the right answer. Our nation is fallen; and this came quite suddenly, since the Kitchimokomans, or 'Long-knives,' entered our country."

Lake Superior and the Ojibbeway tribes round it have changed masters already several times. The French, the English, and the Americans have in turn ruled over them, and they have fallen at each change into a worse condition than before. They have already learned to speak of the recently-expired period of British dominion as "the good old times;" while the time of the French is looked upon as comparatively the silver age, and the days when there were no pale faces in their country are their golden age. The Wemitigoshis, as they call the French, brought indeed fire-water with them, but not so much as their next masters, the Yaganash or English; and the grandfather of the old woman mentioned above used to relate, in sorrow, that "more than one half of the Indians died of whisky-water." But the Long-Knives brought even more whisky-water than the Englishmen, and so the strength of the Ojibbeways is broken, and they have lost their memory. "Their tribes have melted away; their chiefs have no voice in the council; their wise men and priests have no longer good dreams, and the old squaws forget their good stories and fables."

In many parts the encroachments of the white man have driven the Indians backwards, far away from their old homes; yet time fails to eradicate from their hearts their deep-rooted affection for their former dwelling-places; and many, exiled, for instance, from the banks of the Mississippi, have been known to return from a great distance in order to take another longing lingering look at their noble river. The Indian inhabitants of the shores of Lake Superior suffer as much from *nostalgia* as those who are born on the Lake of Geneva; and Mr. Schoolcraft is cited by our author as telling, in his work on the Indians, an affecting story in confirmation of this. He relates that a young girl carried her dying father from the interior for many miles through the forest, because the old man wished to see the lake once more before he died.

There are very many interesting parts in this volume which we are compelled to pass by. We will now touch upon two subjects only, upon which Mr. Kohl has given some valuable information, and a few words concerning which will probably not be unacceptable to our readers.

Of the theology of the Indians we have hitherto known but very little; it will appear to be a curious mixture of Christianity and paganism. The story of the Creation is as follows:

"Kitchi-Manitou first made the coast of our lake. He strewed the sand, and formed a fine flat dry beach, a road round the lake. He found that it was splendid walking upon it, and often wandered along the beach. One day he saw something lying on the white sand. He picked it up. It was a very little root. He wondered whether it would grow if planted in the ground, and made the trial. He planted it close to the edge of the water in the sand, and when he came again the next day, a thick and large reed-bed had grown out of it,

through which the wind rustled. This pleased him, and he sought for and collected more little roots, and other seeds from the sand, and spread them around, so that they soon covered the rocks and land with grass and fine forests, in which the birds and other animals came to live. Every day he added something new to the creation, and did not forget to place fish and other creatures in the water.

"One day, when Kitchi-Manitou was again walking along the sand, he saw something moving in the reeds, and noticed a being coming out of the water entirely covered with silver-glistening scales like a fish, but otherwise formed like a man. Kitchi-Manitou was curious to see on what the being lived, and whether it ate herbs, and rightly, he saw it constantly stooping and plucking herbs, which it swallowed. The man could not speak, but at times, when he stooped, he sighed and groaned.

"The sight moved Kitchi-Manitou with compassion in the highest degree, and as a good thought occurred to him, he immediately stepped into his canoe, and paddled across to the island which still lies in the centre of our Lac du Flambeau. Here he set to work providing the man the company of a squaw. He formed her nearly like what he had seen the man to be, and also covered her body with silver-glistening scales. Then he breathed life into her, and carried her across in his canoe to the other bank of the lake, telling her that if she wandered busily along the lake, and looked about her, she would, perhaps, find something to please her."

For some days the squaw wandered about on one shore of the lake, while the man was searching for herbs on the other. The latter, however, going in his excursions a little way round on the opposite side, discovered to his great surprise foot-prints on the sand like his own; but fearing lest they might belong to hostile Indians (this is very curious, considering that we are speaking of the *first* man), he crept along cautiously in the bush, keeping his eye as he went on the trail upon the shore. At last he finds the squaw, whose name is Mani; and as we are told that there is no "r" in the Ojibbeway language, but that that letter is sounded like "n," *Mani* must stand for *Mary*; and the translator argues, and in all probability correctly, that the Indians, remembering something of the religion taught them by the European missionaries in years gone by, have confounded Eve, the mother of the human race, with Mary, the mother of the Saviour. This, too, is further borne out by the European conveniences with which their Paradise—an island on the lake—was furnished; "a handsome large house, with glass windows, beds, tables, chairs," and so forth. They moreover received the same injunction as Adam and Eve, not to eat of the fruit of a certain tree: *Mari*, tempted to eat of it by a handsome young Indian who suddenly appeared from a thicket, fell, and persuaded her husband to share her guilt. Then forthwith their scales fell off, and their eyes were opened, and "they saw themselves to be uncovered, and withdrew into the bushes of the garden." Kitchi-Manitou, however, "soon came to them, and said, 'It is done. Ye have eaten of Matchi-Manitou's (the Evil Spirit's) fruit, and must now die. Ye must perish, but shall live on in your children and children's children.'" They were then banished from the happy isle. Kitchi-Manitou instructed the first man—whose name is not given—in the use of the bow and arrow, in order that he might be able to provide himself with food, and gave him a book, written upon birch-bark in the pure Ojibbeway tongue, which taught him the uses of all plants; and so "he became a great medicine-man, as well as a mighty hunter."

The mixture of Bible-story and Indian



fable is easily accounted for, when we remember that the French had a mission established upon Lake Superior about two hundred years ago. But the labours of the propagators of the Christian faith in those parts have been so often given up and recommenced, that though the good seed sown will appear to have taken root, yet the result has been as it were a peculiar and uncultivated forest-plant, "which only in a few features reveals that it ever grew in the Christian garden."

Our popular notion of the Indian's celestial paradise—viz. that it consists chiefly of the possession of dogs and horses, and guns, and unlimited hunting-prairies, seems to be an error. If this be the case, we believe that we are right in saying that the mistake did not originate in England; but that we derived it from the writings of American poets, whom, fancying that they would be likely to know something about the matter, we were content to take as authorities. Mr. Kohl, however, could never find any trace of such a view among those with whom he resided; and in fact he tells us that in many Indian dialects the words "hunter" and "hunting" are synonymous with "worker" and "working," and that one and all believe that "there is no hunting or labour in paradise."

"Paradise" (Wakui, or Wakwi) was made by Menaboju. He aided the Great Spirit in the creation of the world, and at first neither of them thought of a Paradise. Men, such was their decree, should be happy on this earth, and find a satisfaction in this life. But, as the Evil Spirit interfered, and produced wickedness, illness, death, and misfortunes of every description among them, the poor souls wandered about, deserted and hopeless. When the Great Spirit saw this, He grieved for them, and ordered Menaboju to prepare a paradise for them in the west, where they might assemble. Menaboju made it very beautiful, and he was himself appointed to receive them there. They are always merry, happy, and contented there, play the drum the whole day, and dance. They live on a variety of mushroom, and a species of wood that resembles the phosphorescent wood that is seen shining in our forests."

Menaboju, we may mention, is the same deity with the Hiawatha of Longfellow.

There is very much that is very interesting in this book upon the subject, which we have not room to extract; and the confidence in the mercy of heaven, the constant looking for the success of any enterprise on the part of the Indians to the favour of the Great Spirit, and even their reverent grace before meat, will give the reader a much higher idea of the religious character of these pagans than we fancy that he may hitherto have entertained.

But we must pass on to speak very briefly upon the literature of the Ojibbeways; their oratory, poetry, and writing.

With regard to the first point, we can hardly do better than give, without comment, a short specimen from the commencement of a political harangue delivered by a chief before the agents of the American Government, on the occasion of a discussion concerning some money-payments.

"There is a Great Spirit, from whom all good things here on earth come. He has given them to mankind—to the white as to the red men; for he sees no distinction of colour. They must settle among themselves the possession of these things given by God.

"When the white men first came into this country and discovered us, we received them hospitably, and if they were hungry, we fed them, and went hunting for them. At first the white men only asked for furs and skins. I have heard from our old men that they never asked for anything else. These we gave them gladly, and re-

ceived from them their iron goods, guns, and powder.

"But for some years they have been asking land from us. For ten years they have asked from us nothing but land, and ever more land. We give unwillingly the land in which the graves of our fathers rest. But for all that, we have given land in our generosity. We knew not that we were giving so much for so little. We did not know that such great treasures of copper were hidden in our land."

And the latter part of the speech is perhaps even better than this.

The poetry of the Ojibbeways hardly seems to have reached so high a standard as their oratory; in fact, their prose tales appear to contain in them much more poetry than their songs. These latter rarely consist of more than one verse, and one or two ideas, and the tunes to which they are set our author pronounces to be singularly monotonous, though now and then he found a wild and melancholy strain which was not displeasing. The following was composed by an old Indian upon the death of his son; and he was overheard singing it alone one night upon the banks of the lake, two years after his loss:

"My son, my son, my young Wabasha!  
Why hast thou left me to pine?  
Why art thou gone so soon to the land of shades?  
Oh! hadst thou let me, aged man, go with thee!"

A couple of lines will last an Indian for months; devoting himself constantly to the one idea contained in them, he will never be tired of singing it over and over again. Mr. Kohl heard of a chief who sang to his drum hundreds of times the three words, "Thou wolf on the prairie! thou wolf on the prairie! thou wolf on the prairie!" Thus singing, he sat day after day by the fire. "He gave to this extremely laconic verse a secret, and, as it seemed, serious meaning, though he told it to nobody until he showed it in the spring, when he made war upon an enemy among the Sioux."

Their writing is picture-writing, inscribed with a thorn, or a bone, upon the inside of the bark of the birch tree. They pay enormous prices for their books, and for the explanation—which is very requisite—of the contents. And even then, with the very pictures before their eyes, they have to receive a great deal on faith; as the reader will see from the following description given to the author by an Indian, of a figure that does not appear to bear the slightest resemblance to that which it was intended to represent:—"That," he says, "is a Mide shell (a sacrificial shell.) It does not look so, but I know it is one. The man of whom I bought the song told me so." And again, when Mr. Kohl ventured to observe that that which he was told was a picture of the Indian to whom he was speaking, looked (as it does to an uninitiated eye) much more like a chaffer, and that, at any rate, it did not bear much resemblance either to him or to any other Indian, "That is of no consequence," the Indian replied; "it is intended to mean nothing else than myself, or the singing, bathing, and sacrificing Indian. No one knows it but I and the man who gave me the writing and explained it. If it were an easy matter for any of our friends to see or guess what the signs mean, they would soon steal our birch bark books. Hence all our ideas, thoughts, and persons are represented in various mysterious disguises."

But we must conclude. The book is that of an observant and intelligent man, who knows what to look for and how to look for it. It is well written, and we thank the author for many valuable additions to our previous knowledge of the Ojibbeway Indians.

*Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.* A Biography. By James Craigie Robertson, M.A. (Murray.)

For three centuries and a half revered as the most glorious of English saints, then degraded into a by-word and reproach, idealised by M. Thierry as the champion of the down-trodden Saxon race against the usurpations of the haughty Norman, and upheld by Froude and the Catholics as without blame or blemish, the character of Thomas à-Becket, "Thomas of Canterbury," as Mr. Robertson calls him, has had little chance of being fairly understood. Partisanship is not, however, the foible of the present biographer; he holds his scales even, and trims his lamp all round, without putting on a reflector for the one side and a shade for the other, as so many historians and biographers are accustomed to do; and consequently we have an able, interesting, impartial book, delightfully written, and certain of universal approbation, because so utterly free from prejudice or passion.

But why did Mr. Robertson seek to disturb our faith in the delicious story of à-Becket's mother, the Emir's daughter, who came all the way from Palestine to Cheapside, guided by her two magic words, "Gilbert" and "London"? Why convince us that "Young Bekie," for the one part, and "Lord Bateman" for the other, are only rhymed mediæval inventions; that no such person as Matilda or Sophia ever existed; and that Thomas à-Becket was born like other people, of just ordinary parents, with no romance or orientalism about him at all? The picture of the Paynim's daughter wandering through Cheapside in all her eastern bravery, "quasi bestia erratica," was too good to be destroyed; and, as for rending to pieces the overpowering finale of six bishops and a baptismal marriage—we think society may feel itself really aggrieved at Mr. Robertson's ferocious love of fact, which could not leave even this exquisite bit of fiction alone! So, therefore, Thomas of Canterbury is no longer a saint; has no longer an eastern mother with a history more romantic than any to be found in the *Arabian Nights*; as he is not the Saxon champion dreamed of by M. Thierry, nor the embodiment of any great historical epoch whatsoever. What then was he?—what manner of spirit dwelt in his body, and looked through the eyes of his flesh into the busy world of working men? This is the great thing now required to be known, and this it is which Mr. Robertson specially undertakes to tell us. Sweeping aside wandering Arabian Night mothers, portentous antenatal dreams, paternal homage evidenced in actual kneeling to the boy of ten years of age, with other like myths and legends, he first presents to us à-Becket as the hunting and hawking companion of the handsome, gay, young Richer de l'Aigle, running narrow chances for his life, and saved by miracles susceptible of rationalistic explanation; then, as the favourite or protégé of Walter, Archdeacon of Canterbury, who heaped preferments and pluralities upon him by the armful; and then, as Chancellor of the Kingdom, the friend, counsellor, and favourite of the king; and, save the king himself, the foremost man in England. Handsome in person, bold in nature, quick, eloquent and witty in speech, fully accomplished in all the manly and polite exercises of the time, and noted for his intellectual ability and varied acquirements, Becket was the very man to make himself a foremost place in his generation—the one of all others most certain to become a social power and an historical event. At first all was sunshine and harmony between the king and his powerful subject. They were "partners in

the kingdom," "of one heart and one soul," "à-Becket was the next person to the king," and "when serious business was over, they played together like boys of the same age;" when the chancellor was giving one of his splendid entertainments, the king, "on returning from the chase, would walk in without ceremony, and would either drink a cup and be gone, or leap over the table and seat himself as a guest." A-Becket's retinue was on the whole the most splendid of the two; and the best blood in the kingdom sought the honour of his service. His manner of living was sumptuous and splendid beyond parallel, and no one vied with him in the costliness of his gold and silver vessels, the thickness or beauty of the rushes in winter, and green branches in summer, with which he caused his halls to be daily spread, "that those who could not find room on the benches might not soil their dress by sitting on the bare floor," the high blood of his attendants, or the richness of his retinue. When he went over as envoy to France, to ask the hand of the Princess Margaret for the king, he went in such royal state, that he outshone the very monarch himself, both in his lavishness and his splendour. No gayer or greater personage than the Chancellor of England existed this side of Italy; and, in spite of all assurances, it is difficult to believe that he kept his priestly vows in any particular whatsoever, seeing with what a wealth and gorgeousness of fleshly temptations he chose to surround himself. But he gave a little time or thought to the bettering of the internal condition of the kingdom:

"As Henry's chief adviser, he is entitled to a large share of praise for the measures which were taken to improve the state of the country. The foreign mercenaries, who had fearfully oppressed the people by their exactions (and not altogether without excuse, inasmuch as they were driven to plunder by the want of regular pay), were peremptorily compelled to leave the realm. The castles, which had sprung up in great numbers during the troubled reign of Stephen, to the injury of the Crown and the oppression of the subjects, were razed to the ground,—the Chancellor taking part in the execution of the measure as well as in the determination of it. Thieves and robbers were put down, and many of them gladly exchanged their lawless manner of life for the pursuits of regular industry. 'The ravening wolves fled,' says William of Newburgh, 'or were changed into sheep; or, if not really changed, yet, through fear of the laws, they remained harmlessly among the sheep.' Families were reinstated in possessions of which they had been wrongfully deprived; agriculture and other peaceful arts began to flourish anew; and one great ecclesiastical abuse,—the practice of keeping bishoprics and abbey long vacant for the purpose of securing to the Crown the revenues during the vacancy,—was mitigated, although not abandoned."

When things are at their brightest then the shadows begin to steal along the wall. A-Becket's shadow was his increased preferment; his ruin, was the king's more zealous love. He was to be Archbishop of Canterbury: nothing else would suit the young monarch, who was at once his master and his friend, his patron and his playmate. It is said that à-Becket remonstrated: that he pointed to his gay secular dress, "as a proof of his unfitness for the highest spiritual office, and warned him (as Hildebrand is said in a similar case to have warned Henry IV. of Germany), that if he should become archbishop, their friendship must be turned to bitter enmity." But Henry was loving, not faint-hearted nor foreseeing; he did his will resolutely: and, excepting for the opposition of Foliot, the election took place at Westminster without a

dissentient voice. After the election, Henry, Bishop of Winchester, requested—perhaps required—that the new archbishop should be discharged from all obligations contracted in his secular office: and the prince, in his father's name, consented. "We shall see hereafter," says Mr. Robertson, "that the validity and the extent of this release became subjects of dispute between Becket and the king." With the change from the chancellorship to the archbishopric came a corresponding change in à-Becket's mode of life. Or, at least, the fame of such was set abroad; whether truly or falsely, must remain now to all time a moot question, decided only according to each man's leanings. A very passion of devotion in his public prayers, and during the service of mass; the steady refusal of all gifts from suitors in his judicial court; extreme abstinence in the quantity though not in the quality of his food; the hair shirt, about which there has been such bitter controversy, full of the orthodox vermin, and changed for cleanliness once in forty days; daily flagellations, and daily washing and kissing of beggars' feet, with good meals and four pieces of silver to each,—these are the facts or legends concerning the new-made archbishop and his reformed state of life: facts to those who are disposed to regard Thomas of Canterbury as a saint, legends to those who believe him to have been a hypocrite and a sinner. But presently he gave up his chancellorship, which was in fact his first challenge to the king, and the beginning of all the subsequent misunderstandings and disputes. As archbishop, he felt himself no longer the servant, but the spiritual master, of the monarch; and was not disposed to retain an office which bound him as a subordinate, when he would be independent and equal. "The resignation was, in truth, nothing less than a declaration of what M. Michelet styles 'the incurable duality of the middle ages, distracted between religion and the state,'" and the resignation alone was sufficient to place the king and his favourite in unmistakable antagonism. And when he next proceeded "to oust the farmers and seize the lands" of such portions of his see as had been alienated to lay hands, "there was no want of unfriendly whispers to inflame the king's mind against the archbishop."

"It was said that Becket had spoken disrespectfully of Henry's youth, levity, and violent temper; that he had boasted of his own ascendancy over the King; and all his actions were represented in the most invidious light. 'The ungodly,' says John of Salisbury, 'strove by their malicious interpretations to darken the change which the right hand of the Most High had wrought, ascribing it to superstition that he led a straiter life. His zeal for justice they traduced as cruelty; his care for the interests of the Church they attributed to covetousness; his contempt of worldly favour they styled a hunting after glory; his courtly splendour was falsely called pride. That he followed the will which had been taught him from above, was branded as a mark of arrogance; that in the maintenance of his right he often seemed to go beyond the bounds of his predecessors, was held to be a token of foolhardiness. Nothing could now be said or done by him without being perverted by the malice of the wicked, inasmuch that they even persuaded the King that, if the Archbishop's power should go forward, the royal dignity would assuredly be brought to nought—that, unless he looked to it for himself and his heirs, the Crown would be at the disposal of the clergy, and kings would reign only so long as the archbishop should please.'"

When next they met, the king's manner was cold and reserved; "the days of Becket's favour were over;" and when the archbishop excommunicated a certain lord who had dared

to disapprove of a clerk, named Laurence, whom he, à-Becket, had presented to a living, and the king—reminding him that tenants-in-chief of the Crown could not be excommunicated without the sovereign's leave—commanded him to withdraw the ban, the flame burst forth. Becket at first, and for long, refused; declaring that the king had nothing to do with any spiritual matters whatsoever; but at last he yielded, when he found that Henry was really angry; but he yielded so ungraciously, "that Henry exclaimed, 'Now I owe him no thanks for it.'"

"In another case the Primate appeared as a sort of Hampden. The King, in a council at Woodstock, proposed to add to his revenue certain moneys which had been customarily paid to the sheriffs throughout England—a sum of two shillings on every hide of land—and Becket stood forward to resist the proposal. The money, he said, was not paid as due, but voluntarily; it might be refused if the sheriffs and their officers should behave improperly, or should fail to perform their duty in the defence and police of the country, and therefore must not be reckoned as part of the royal revenue. 'By God's eyes,' said Henry, furiously, 'it shall be paid as revenue, and registered in the King's books!' 'By those same eyes,' answered Becket, 'so long as I live no such payment shall be made from all my lands, and not a penny of the Church's right!' By this opposition the project was defeated; and so, says Grim, the King was led, out of resentment on account of the Archbishop's behaviour, to turn his anger against the clergy."

The clergy were not the most respectable members of society, even in times as lawless and fierce as these:

"It was said that more than a hundred murders had been committed by clerks since the beginning of Henry's reign; and, without insisting on the exact statistical accuracy of this statement (which Dr. Lingard thinks it worth while to assail), we have abundant evidence that the 'disorderly manners of men in orders'—'murderers, thieves, robbers, assassins, and practisers of other atrocities'—had become a crying nuisance. The ecclesiastical tribunals claimed exclusive jurisdiction over the clergy in cases of every kind; and thus these 'tensured demons, workmen of the devil, clerks in name only, but belonging to Satan's portion,' were exempted from the judgment of the secular courts. The exemption extended to the minor orders, and hence there had grown up a prodigious multitude of 'acephalous' clerks, without title, duty, or settled abode, who led a roving disreputable life, and were ready for any violence."

But when the king wished to bring the clergy within the reach of the secular power, and subject them to the same jurisdiction as other criminals, à-Becket stoutly resisted—maintained that they were under no lay power—that they belonged only to the Church, and by the Church alone could they be judged, and that they could come under the conditions of laymen only after they had been degraded from their clerkships; thus giving them, as Mr. Robertson says, "only one life more than other men." This, then, was the gist, the kernel of the quarrel between the monarch and the prelate; and this immunity from civil authority was the centre-point round which the monstrous pretensions of the clergy rallied, their stronghold, their safeguard against innovation and foreign discipline; this was the privilege which the Church has always sought—its supremacy over the lay power expressed in the most coveted form. When the king stood out for the equalisation of the criminal law, and the destruction of clerical immunities, he stood out for all our present liberties, and chiefly for our blessed freedom from priestly domination; when Becket resisted, he resisted



in the service of tyranny and oppression, and by seeking to retain class privileges that were above the law, sought the ruin of a nation for the aggrandisement of an order.

Things now went on so crookedly between the two quondam friends, that Becket at last resolved to go to the Pope in person, "in defiance of the king, and in violation of his own solemn promise to observe the Constitutions of Clarendon." He was twice foiled by adverse winds, and on the second occasion had just time enough to return to Canterbury to save his effects from the king's officers:

"He now again sought an interview with Henry at Woodstock, and was received with decorum, but with an evident lack of cordiality. The King, although greatly dissatisfied with his late attempt to break the law against leaving England, affected to treat it lightly by asking with a smile whether one kingdom were not large enough to hold both, and desiring the Archbishop to govern his province without further thought of going abroad. Becket proceeded to fulfil this injunction, but not, it may be presumed, in a manner likely to allay the royal irritation. 'The son of the shaken-out,' says Herbert, 'shook himself out, and with the prophet's mattock plucked up, pulled down, scattered, and rooted out whatsoever he found planted amiss in the garden of the Lord. His hand rested not, his eye spared not; whatsoever was naughty, whatsoever rough, whatsoever crooked, he not only assailed with the prophet's mattock, but with the axe of the Gospel he cut it down. Of the royal and ecclesiastical customs, he observed such as were good; but those which had been brought in for the dishonour of the clergy he pruned away as bastard shoots that they might not strike their roots deep.'"

The stormy council of Northampton set matters in a still stronger light. The king's fixed intention to ruin his faithless friend and disobedient subject was abundantly manifest, and many fears were even entertained for his life. The court hostile to him, the bishops and dignitaries forsaking him in the time-serving spirit proper to them, armed men, threatening, rude, and insolent, about him, and he himself defenceless in all save his indomitable courage and the cross he carried pertinaciously in his hand, the archbishop had but a dangerous passage of it through the tempestuous hours of the Northampton council; so dangerous, indeed, that he did not choose to trust himself to a second trial of his strength, and the forbearance of fortune, but "in the middle of a dark and stormy night, passed through the unguarded north gate of Northampton," and so by dangerous and circuitous ways, and after multitudinous risks of detection, gained the peace of exile, and the questionable shelter of Sens. When, after many negotiations, for the most part rendered abortive by his own unyielding temper and intense insolence of character, he was induced to return to England, he came back more saucy and troublesome than ever. "It was in no spirit of peace or conciliation that he prepared to return; the step which he had taken in making use of the papal letters, which were intended to be published only in extremity, and were certain to re-open and envenom the wounds which had been superficially healed, was censured by all but those in whom personal devotion to him had wholly overpowered their prudence and their discernment." His return to his ancient see was a true triumph, at least from the populace:

"The news of his landing had already spread, and the general enthusiasm rendered his journey a sort of triumph. As he passed along the road the whole population of the neighbourhood pressed to see him—each parish headed by its priest. They stripped off their clothes and spread them

in the way, while one party after another caught up and prolonged the jubilant cry, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' On reaching his city, the Primate was received with processions. The cathedral was adorned with the most sumptuous hangings; the clergy were arrayed in their festival robes; banquets were prepared to welcome the chief pastor; hymns, organs, trumpets, bells, loudly testified the general joy."

But it was a hollow peace, and à-Becket did not seek to make it more solid. He preached on Christmas-day: at the first pathetically, so that he drew copious tears from his audience, but soon he changed his tone, and in a style "fierce, indignant, fiery, and bold," uttered vehement invectives against the courtiers and all his enemies in general; excommunicated one or two priests who had been inducted during his absence; and bore himself as usual in the haughtiest and most intolerable manner. The king, who heard of all his doings, was roused to one of his uncontrollable fits of fury:

"Which the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London—Foliot, it is said, even with tears—in vain attempted to mitigate. Henry asked the prelates to advise him. 'Ask your barons and knights,' said Roger; 'it is not for us to say what ought to be done.' At length one of them, apparently the Archbishop of York, observed, 'As long as Thomas lives, my Lord, you will have no quiet days, nor any peace in your kingdom.' On this the King burst forth into a passionate exclamation, 'A fellow who has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me! He insults over my favours, dishonours the whole royal race, tramples down the whole kingdom. A fellow who first broke into my court on a lame horse, with a cloak for a saddle, swaggers on my throne, while you, the companions of my fortune, look on!' and again and again he loudly reproached his courtiers as thankless cowards for suffering him to be so long exposed to the insolence of an upstart clerk."

The sequel of those passionate words is too well known to need recapitulation. Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracy, and Richard le Breton took it on themselves to do the king the equivocal service he seemed to demand, and on the 29th of December, 1170, the proud, courageous, and most formidable priest lay weltering in his blood at the foot of the altar in Canterbury Cathedral. The murder was a foul and brutal butchery, and the murderers were men of coarse and violent passions, respecting nothing holy, nothing great; but though the extinction of à-Becket's fiery life was a real national boon, which we at this distance can fairly and calmly appreciate, at the time it seemed the cruelest, as it was one of the most sacrilegious, assassinations on record. The king was shocked and perplexed; the nation thrilled with horror; the priests fled like frightened hares, each to his own nest, and the Pope fasted in sack-cloth and seclusion, and had great thoughts of excommunicating the English king and kingdom altogether. But he contented himself with accepting what passed under the name of a fine, and when he had canonised à-Becket as a martyr of the Church—a martyr for the true faith against godless men—he had eased his papal conscience, and the ghost of the murdered archbishop was assumed to sleep in peace. During his life he had been rather a thorn than a jewel in the tiara. Imperious, restless, and unyielding, he had caused the Pope many an anxious moment, which the moral support given by him to the papacy had not been of sufficient value to atone for; but his death was a clear gain to every one concerned, and the Holy Father was not likely to lose his share of the universal profit. Miracles were performed at his shrine, and men wept daily for the cruel fate of the sainted

à-Becket; and all that had been insolent, intolerant, unchristian, and seditious in the man was forgotten in the reputation of the saint, until Protestantism and the reaction came, and the fame that had been raised to the skies was brought down into the mud.

*Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct.* By Samuel Smiles, Author of "The Life of George Stephenson." (London: John Murray.)

THERE can be no doubt at all about it: the English are certainly the greatest nation on the face of the earth. If, by any chance there should be at present in existence an Englishman so unnaturally modest as to feel the slightest doubt of the truth of this assertion, Mr. Smiles desires nothing better than to convince him that his misgivings are entirely visionary and absurd. That must be indeed a hopeless and intractable form of scepticism which is not dissipated at once and for ever by a single perusal of Mr. Smiles' present work. There the reader will find the moral and physical superiority of the English nation established by a host of examples, the cogency and authenticity of which are both beyond question. He will find it further confirmed by the spontaneous admission of many eminent men of other countries, in whom the natural prejudice in favour of their own nation has been vanquished by the irresistible force of truth. Thus Goethe, in one of his conversations with Eckermann at Weimar, observed that, though he could not exactly account for the fact, Englishmen certainly did seem to him to have a great advantage over most other men. He referred to the English youths who were to be met with at Weimar; whom, though admitting that they were probably by no means the best specimen of their class, he characterised as "splendid fellows;" observing further that "their entrance and bearing in society is so confident and quiet, that one would think they were everywhere the masters, and the whole world belonged to them." Others besides Goethe have, we believe, observed this peculiarity, though the feelings excited by it have not always been those of unqualified admiration. In the face of such disinterested testimony from a German to the superiority of the English character, it is, we think, rather ungenerous on Mr. Smiles' part to remark that Eckermann, whose sentiments did not entirely coincide with those of Goethe, had "his head filled, like most Germans, with the idea that education consists in the study of books, and the grinding of gerunds." Surely, poor Eckermann did no great harm in expressing an opinion that the English gentlemen in Weimar were not more clever, better educated, or better hearted than those of Germany. Mr. Smiles might have been content to leave the prejudiced German in the hands of his more enlightened countryman. "That is not the point," replied Goethe, "their superiority does not lie in such things; it lies precisely in their having the courage to be what nature made them. There is no *halfness* about them. They are *complete* men. Sometimes complete fools also, that I heartily admit; but even that is something and has its weight." Again, "another foreigner, a German, Herr Wiese," in comparing the English and German systems of education, gives the preference to the former, which aims chiefly at the culture of character, over the latter, which cultivates intellect only; and M. Rendu, "an accomplished Frenchman," avers that the English system of education turns out the largest number of men who "reveal to the world those two virtues of

a lordly race—perseverance in purpose, and a spirit of conduct which never fails." If on this subject foreigners speak so decidedly, an Englishman can scarcely be expected to entertain a doubt.

The title of Mr. Smiles' book sufficiently indicates the purpose for which it is designed, viz. the consideration and recommendation of those qualities by the cultivation of which a man may hope, relying on his own exertions alone, to attain to success in life. In the enumeration of these qualities there is, as far as we can see, nothing particularly new. Mr. Smiles is far from being the first to insist upon the advantages to be derived from the practice of energy, perseverance, industry, self-denial, and other similar virtues. It is in the numerous examples by which his maxims are illustrated and enforced, that the interest of Mr. Smiles' book principally lies. It is quite natural that the friend and biographer of George Stephenson should be especially alive to what may be effected by self-reliance and self-help. The range of Mr. Smiles' reading is very considerable; and by carefully noting down every instance which bears either directly or indirectly on the object of his study, he has succeeded in collecting together a large number of illustrations, many of which will, in all probability, possess the charm of novelty to the general reader. For instance, it is, we think, likely that the careers of Samuel Drew, Richard Foley, William Phipps, Jonas Hanway, Thomas Wright, and Sir John Sinclair, are not very generally known in detail. The following anecdote of the painter Mulready may perhaps be new to some of our readers:

"'Industry and perseverance' was the motto of the sculptor Banks, which he acted on himself and strongly recommended to others. His well-known kindness induced many aspiring youths to call upon him and ask for his advice and assistance; and it is related that one day a boy called at his door to see him with this object, but the servant, angry at the loud knock he had given, scolded him, and was about sending him away, when Banks, overhearing her, himself went out. The little boy stood at the door, with some drawings in his hand. 'What do you want with me?' asked the sculptor. 'I want, sir, if you please, to be admitted to draw at the Academy,' Banks explained that he himself could not procure his admission, but he asked to look at the boy's drawings. Examining them, he said, 'Time enough for the Academy, my little man! Go home; mind your schooling; try to make a better drawing of the Apollo; and in a month come again and let me see it.' The boy went home; sketched and worked with redoubled diligence; and at the end of the month called again on the sculptor. The drawing was better; but Banks sent him back, with good advice, to work and study. In a week the boy was again at his door; his drawing much improved; and Banks bid him be of good cheer, for, if spared, he would distinguish himself. The boy was Mulready; and the sculptor's augury was amply fulfilled."

Occasionally Mr. Smiles introduces a short anecdote, which, though without any direct bearing on the subject of his book, is nevertheless sufficiently amusing to be heartily welcomed on its own account. One or two of these quite deserve extraction. Take, for instance, the following:

"One of the minor social evils against which Mr. Hanway lifted up his voice was the custom of what was called *uails-giving*,—or the gratuities then paid by visitors at the houses which they frequented, and which the servants had come to regard as a right. Mr. Hanway was on one occasion thus paying the servants of a respectable friend with whom he had dined, one by one, as they appeared: 'Sir, your great coat,'—a shilling:

'your hat,'—a shilling: 'stick,'—a shilling: 'umbrella,'—a shilling: 'sir, your gloves.' 'Why, friend,' said he, 'you may keep the gloves, they are not worth a shilling.'"

Or this, which is certainly one of the best of Abernethy, we ever remember to have heard:

"There are others who are dreadfully condescending, and cannot avoid seizing upon every small opportunity of making their greatness felt. When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon such a person—a rich grocer, one of the governors. The great man behind the counter seeing the great surgeon enter, immediately assumed the grand air towards the supposed suppliant for his vote. 'I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?' Abernethy, who hated humbug, and felt nettled at the tone, replied, 'No, I don't: I want a pennyworth of figs: come, look sharp and wrap them up; I want to be off.'"

Mr. Smiles' book, however, is not merely a repertory of anecdotes, more or less novel, and more or less interesting. From time to time he introduces a few remarks upon matters of interest at the present day; and these remarks are not seldom distinguished by sound judgment and sterling common sense. The following observations, for instance, with reference to the possible evil consequences of the mania for competitive examinations with which the present generation appears to be hopelessly inoculated, seem to us especially worthy of public attention:

"It is not improbable that the prominence recently given to literary examinations for small government offices, of which we have heard so much, may tend to swell the ranks of the discontented, without any corresponding gain to the public service. The plan recently established may be described as a kind of government lottery, in which the prizes are drawn by those who are the best crammed. Not long since, when eight youths were wanted to do copying work in a public office, no fewer than 700 offered themselves for examination; eight prizes to 692 blanks! A most pitiable sight truly, to see so many educated young men eager for the poorly paid, and routine, though 'genteel,' occupation of a government office, when there are so many other paths, though requiring labour and self-denial, open for the energies of young men of activity and spirit. Sir James Clarke has not inaptly described the preliminary system of cramming for examination of the kind to which these youths are required to submit, as thoroughly demoralising, and calculated to develop priqs rather than men. The mind is so overlaid with a heap of undigested knowledge, that there is little room left for its free action; and though a functionarism as complete as that already established in China may thereby be secured, it will, probably be at the expense of that constitutional energy and vigour which are so indispensable for attaining a robust manhood. Moreover, the tendency of this new movement seems to be, to draw the educated youth of the country aside from the paths of ordinary industry, and direct their eyes toward the public treasure as the highest object of their exertions; whilst beyond all, there is that danger to be apprehended, against which Montalembert has so eloquently warned us, of stimulating and propagating the passion for salaries and government employment, which saps all national spirit of independence, and in some countries makes a whole people a mere crowd of servile solicitors for place."

We must, however, take leave to find fault with Mr. Smiles in a few minor points. His selection of anecdotes is, as we have already said, generally good: but nevertheless it contains some which, had they been omitted, no one, we think, would either have missed or regretted. He appears to attach great importance

to those brusque and knock-me-down replies, generally embodying an ostentatiously and pugnaciously moral sentiment, to which men who have raised themselves from obscurity by their own exertions would seem to be especially prone: and his book contains a singularly rich store of sayings of this description. This propensity is, to our mind, to be regarded rather as a blot in the character of self-raised men; and its indulgence as a sign that they have not succeeded in raising themselves beyond the feeling of uneasy self-consciousness, which so frequently attends elevation to an unaccustomed position. We may, perhaps, feel some sympathy with the time-honoured retort which, *mutatis mutandis*, has been put into the mouth of pretty nearly every *novus homo* of whom we ever heard, and which is attributed by Mr. Smiles (on what authority we know not) to Fléchier, Bishop of Nismes, who, when twitted by a French doctor with having been a tallow-chandler in his youth, replied, "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles." But we confess we do not think any the more highly of Samuel Drew, because, when his friends suggested to him that it was scarcely necessary for him personally to assist his apprentices in carrying in the winter's coals, he gave utterance to this wretched parody on a moral sentiment, "The man who is ashamed to carry in his own coals, deserves to sit all winter by an empty grate." Nor can we regard Flaxman's reply, when reminded of some of his earliest efforts in art,—“We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good,”—as anything but the merest platitude, as worthless as it was obtrusive and uncalled for. Though Mr. Smiles' store of anecdote is unusually copious, he sometimes makes the same story do duty twice over, referring it each time to a different individual, and to different circumstances. This divided authorship cannot fail to be prejudicial to the authority of the anecdote. Thus he tells us that Michael Angelo was in the habit of working by night, by the light of a candle fixed to the top of a pasteboard cap which he wore: and a few pages further on we find Chantrey stating that he too was in the habit of indulging in the same practice. We are thus left in painful uncertainty as to the true state of the case. Did both sculptors do this? And, if so, did Chantrey do it because Michael Angelo had done it? or which of them did it? or, finally, did neither of them ever do it at all? A precisely similar series of questions suggests itself in the case of a reply made by an unknown sculptor to a Venetian nobleman, who objected to his high prices, which, later in the book, is transferred bodily to an equally unknown painter. In a book of this kind, it is perhaps rather hard to call upon the author to name his authorities; but we should like to know who told Mr. Smiles that Dr. Arnold learned German at the age of forty? If we may believe "Dr. Arnold's Life," this event took place at a period more than ten years earlier than that fixed by Mr. Smiles, and before, by Dr. Arnold's removal to Rugby, his time was so fully occupied as to render the performance a feat at all worthy of special mention. There are one or two other points on which we must join issue with Mr. Smiles. He forms, we think, a very inadequate estimate of the time necessary in most cases for the efficient prosecution of scientific study, when, with a view of encouraging young men to employ usefully their odds and ends of time, he states that, "an hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if profitably employed, enable any man of ordi-



nary capacity, very shortly to master a complete science." Occasionally Mr. Smiles uses words in a sense which, to say the least of it, is not that which is usually assigned to them. Thus, in speaking of J. M. W. Turner, he says, "he did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slobbering over his work, because he was ill-remunerated for it." Mr. Smiles, we apprehend, regards *slobbering over* and *sturring over* as synonymous terms; but we may, we think, safely assure him that the former phrase signifies a quite distinct and very unpleasant performance, in which, as far as we know, no artist has yet ever felt the slightest temptation to indulge over his pictures. Again, in sounding the praises of pluck and perseverance, he says, "It is the one neck nearer that wins the race, and shows the blood; the one pull more of the oar that proves the 'beefiness of the fellow,' as the Oxford men say." Now this is rather too bad. Mr. Smiles is quite at liberty to use extraordinary words, if he likes; but he cannot be allowed to shift the responsibility of the act on other shoulders than his own. "Beefy" may be a favourite expression of his, as, from his subsequently speaking of a "beefy tenacity of purpose," we may conclude to be the case; but we must enter an energetic protest against the assertion that it ever originated, or is now usually employed, in Oxford.

Despite the defects to which we have alluded in the foregoing paragraphs, Mr. Smiles' book is, we think, well calculated to effect the purpose for which it is designed,—that of encouraging young men to rely on their own exertions for success in life. It is intended principally for the use of the working classes; and it had its origin, indeed, in a course of lectures addressed to a body of youths belonging to that station in society. But men of all classes may not only read it with interest, but may also profit by the lessons which it conveys. Mr. Smiles is, plainly, himself a man of considerable energy, and is therefore the more likely to succeed in imparting to his readers the spirit by which he is himself actuated.

#### THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.

THE death of Lord Macaulay has fallen upon the public with a suddenness of surprise and sensation of regret that has been rarely paralleled. For many years he had been before the public the most admired and successful of literary men. If to the most distinguished barrister of the day be assigned the honour of being the leader of the English bar, and to the most distinguished statesman of his day the honour of being the leader of the House of Commons, we think, by almost universal assent, would be assigned to Lord Macaulay the place of chief and leader of the English literature. There are probably but few men who would not find some points of dissent and antagonism to the illustrious dead: we trust there are still fewer who would not now forget them in sincere and sorrowful tribute to the most eloquent, the most brilliant, the most famous master of the English tongue. There are not many educated men in this country to whom the decease of Lord Macaulay will not come with the sense of severe and personal loss. He has conferred some of the greatest benefits which man is capable of imparting or of receiving; he has excited their imagination, he has soothed their languor, he has extended their domain of intellectual acquisition: multitudes who have never seen his face have grown into such intimacy and companionship with their favourite author, that they ever followed his fortunes with the keenest interest. Indeed he has

so identified himself with English sympathies and English story, that his fame has become part and parcel of our national pride and possessions, as much as any of the glories and achievements of our warriors and statesmen.

His career from its brilliant outset to its lamented close must be known to most men. Yet at such a time we may be pardoned if we bestow upon it a glance of admiring and loving retrospect. A monument in Westminster Abbey attests the abilities and the benevolence of his father, the once famous Zachary Macaulay. He was famous for his advocacy of Negro Emancipation, and his son, Thomas Babington, was a most earnest and enthusiastic advocate of this great cause till it was won. In the first dawn of his reputation he devoted to it his earliest writings and his earliest speeches. At the renowned foundation of Trinity College, Cambridge, he achieved great scholastic, social, and literary success. His speeches were cheered to the echo at the Union; his wit and geniality made him a favourite in society, and in Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* he wrote tales, poems, criticisms, and imaginary conversations, that acquired an eminent literary success. Two Chancellor's medals for English poems, the Craven classical scholarship, and a fellowship at Trinity marked his university career. The next few years were spent between Cambridge and London; we find his squibs in the *Times*, and his poetry in the annuals; he was called to the bar, and we believe for some time attended the London circuit. In a fortunate hour Jeffries secured his services for the *Edinburgh Review*. Mackintosh had assuredly written with equal learning, and Sydney Smith with equal wit, and its all-accomplished editor, with a most universal versatility and grace. But Macaulay came forth wonderfully combining all these, bristling with point, and glowing with imagery; daring, eloquent, epigrammatic, with an Oriental affluence and profusion of knowledge and expression. His success was instantaneous and complete. Great ladies invited him to their parties; great lords made him flattering speeches. Nor were more real and striking testimonials wanting. Robert Hall was found lying on the floor, racked by pain, yet learning Italian in his old age, to enable him to judge of the parallel drawn by Macaulay between Milton and Dante. People wondered to what point a writer of such power and magnificence could proceed. But to advance from such a point was simply an impossibility. What remained to be done must necessarily be in the way of chastening and retrenchment. This was done gradually and successfully. The article on Milton, he himself tells us, was overlaid with gaudy ornament: the article on Addison was distinguished by as charming a simplicity as anything by Addison himself.

The Whigs have always been noticed for the generous discrimination with which they have fostered their literary supporters. A commissionership of bankruptcy had been bestowed upon the young barrister. In 1830 Lord Lansdowne returned him for his borough of Colne. Much was expected from the oratorical fame of the new member. He was expected to revive the old glories of the days of Pitt and Fox—to be the Burke or Sheridan of his party. Much of this brilliant reputation was left unaccomplished; but much, too, was fulfilled. Macaulay possessed none of the flexible graces of a real orator; his matter was too studied and artificial, his voice and manner were somewhat too monotonous. But the House listened to his brilliant rhetoric with eager attention; the public found no speeches

that were more readable; the Speaker expressed his opinion that perhaps upon the whole they were the best speeches he had ever listened to; and the chiefs of his party destined for him some of their most splendid prizes. The public were then somewhat surprised that one around whom so many magnificent expectations clustered had resolved to abandon his place in England and go out to India. Yet the lure was a brilliant one. Fifteen thousand a year, a place in the Supreme Council and the additional office of codifying the Indian laws, were the prize. A position of the highest usefulness and dignity, an opportunity of cultivating those literary studies which were his chief delight, the opportunity of seeing a country which is this world's most marvellous, the ultimate certainty of returning to England in affluent circumstances and for ever independent of any obligation—these were the massive advantages that attended his acceptance of office in our Indian empire. Accordingly, he resigned his seat in Parliament and his offices under Government, and sailed for Calcutta.

He was absent in India for five years. The express scheme on which he was sent out never ripened into any positive or definite result. The plans of the commission were perfect theoretically, but were found, we believe, impracticable for everyday working. It was not upon his character as a lawgiver, either in England or in India, that Macaulay rests his fame. After this absence, he returned home to be re-welcomed by his old friends and re-assert his old position. Ere his feet again trod English ground, during his homeward voyage, his father died. Before long, he was member for Edinburgh and a Cabinet Minister. In the meantime he had found another avenue to fame; the "Lays of Ancient Rome" happily combined his fine poetical taste and his fine classical knowledge. Appropriately enough, they were written in the War Office. In no point of view can the "Lays" be considered very original. The classical theories were imported from Germany. The tone and style of the poetry was manifestly borrowed from Sir Walter Scott; yet are the "Lays" full of fine and life-like energy and noble love, and resounding verse. They raise—and this is no small praise—the enthusiasm of every school-boy. Together with "Ivri" and the "Armada," they will probably retain a prominent place in English literature.

His fearless advocacy of the Maynooth Grant exposed him to the resentment of his constituents; and when he again offered himself to the electors of Edinburgh, he had to encounter a rejection. It was five years before he again made his appearance on the floor of the House of Commons; this time was mainly devoted to the preparation of his history—broken upon, however, by the necessity of preparing an edition of his speeches to protect himself from an edition which had been issued without his knowledge or consent. The speeches never attained to the popularity of his writings, though we see no reason why this should not be the case with many of them, yet have they always had a large circle of students and admirers.

The history was received with a roar of acclamation; and its popularity has been constantly on the increase. The historical student, whose object is the attainment of actual truth, will require to be continually on his guard against Lord Macaulay's party bias. When he tries a Tory he puts on the black cap; when he tries a Whig he draws on his white gloves. Or perhaps we are mistaken in assigning to Lord Macaulay any such judicial

functions; for there is a great deal of truth in Sir Archibald Alison's regret that so brilliant a pleader at the bar of posterity was not elevated to the bench. It is owing in great measure to this that some of Lord Macaulay's historical decisions must undergo ultimate modification or reversal. Still Lord Macaulay by no means conceals his prepossessions; he is a fair foe, and quite puts his readers on their guard as to the one-sidedness of his views. When this allowance has been made, a matchless value will always belong to his work. It was projected and worked out on a scale that caused any idea of its completion to be a brilliant chimera. The perfect mastery of detail, and the exquisite power of arrangement and combination is something marvellous and altogether unparalleled in the history of the human mind. Moreover Macaulay achieved what at this time of the day might be almost thought an impossibility—the creation of an entirely new style. He has extended the capabilities of the English tongue; he has for ever exchanged the long involved paragraph for the short, brilliant, diamond-like sentences that sparkle in his pages; and while on the one hand his style has a Frenchlike polish and glitter, on the other hand, it possesses a full and ample flow that is almost of Italian beauty. His wonderful fragment of history will always remain an example of the fullness and breadth which history should possess, if only human powers were adequate to exhibit the ideal.

We shall not dwell on the later events of his life; how repentant Edinburgh again returned him as her first representative; how his speeches in the House of Commons were worthy of his high renown; and how ill-health debarred any further appearance in Parliament. But any summary, however brief, would be incomplete without noticing his vast social success. Lord Macaulay's conversation was as remarkable as his writings. His talk sometimes became mere monologue; his tone sometimes dictatorial; but after time will scarcely believe the traditions of his toil, his memory, and his knowledge. Add to this, he possessed a character to which public calumny has never attached a stain; he had as high and delicate a sense of honour as was ever known to any public man. In every relation of life he was regarded with respect and esteem, and his sturdy yet enlightened patriotism shines nearly in every page of his writings.

He seemed to have attained his crowning altitude. His old friends had honoured the peerage by conferring upon him the highest distinction ever accorded to English literature. He had now found out wherein lay his true strength and glory; not in the race of politics, but in the calm and happy pursuits of literature lay now his business and his pleasure. It might have been expected that in the long mellow sunset of his days he would have given to expectant England volume after volume of his national work. But what a satire is thrown even on the most natural and innocent of earthly expectations, by the *hic jacet* of his majestic brain. Yet a little while and the costliest wreath of fame is lowered in the dust, and the loftiest peal of triumph is hushed in the stillness of the grave. The bygone year, that has carried away so many of the wise and good and noble, seemed to reserve for its parting hours the most eminent and renowned of its destined dead. He is gone; gone in the midst of his days and the plenitude of his hopes; gone ere yet the festal fires of Christmas are cold upon his childless hearth; gone to be numbered among the illustrious departed

whom he knew and loved so well, the awful shades of beings of the earth and monarchs of intellectual might. The great Abbey will shield his dust within its tender and solemn gloom. Human praise and censure are now nothing more to him than the cold airs that will wander over his grave. What boots it to him that his country accounts that she has lost her greatest historian, and that the trophies of the scholar, the orator, and the poet are added in prodigal magnificence to his glory? Rather let it be our boast that, in common with multitudes of the meanest and most ignorant, he had learned with all his knowledge and wisdom to gain that best knowledge and wisdom of all, and that while in life he had anchored aright his faith and hope.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*A Life-Struggle.* By Miss Pardoe. Author of "Louis XIV., and the Court of France in the XVIIth Century," &c. (L. Booth.)

GRACEFUL, refined, ladylike, Miss Pardoe moves about among earls and countesses with all the ease of sympathy and long companionship. Yet she never loses sight of the better motives and feelings of humanity; but is careful to inculcate a pure morality or lofty philosophy on every occasion that offers. Her present novel retains her old characteristics. A worldly, ambitious woman sacrifices her only child by forcing her, at eighteen, to marry grand old Lord Ravenswood at fifty. The emissary whom she chooses to bring this marriage to an issue, is Ferdinand Greville, the adopted son of Lord Ravenswood, and himself the confessed, though secret, lover of Laura. She is enabled to play on him by means of some documents which she holds, damnable to his father's reputation; and under this tremendous moral pressure the young man becomes like yielding wax in her hands, and undertakes the mission which is to render him and his lover miserable for life. Laura, indignant at the proof of his extraordinary perfidy, accepts the hand of the Earl,—to find out, when too late, that her indignation was only superficial while his love was undying, and that "the life-struggle" lies before them both, infinite and unending. Circumstances bring about an explanation between them, when both discover the mutual secret, and Laura in time is told what motive had induced Ferdinand to his equivocal course of action. Thence tears, dangers, and strange tumultuous joys; thence unexpressed foreboding to the time when the old Earl's death would leave Laura free while yet young, and release Ferdinand from his life-load of sorrow. But in the midst of all this hidden passionate life, the Earl confesses to both, that Ferdinand is his son; and thus the giant hand of Fate sunders them irrevocably for ever.

Here was a good ground plan for a novel. One can imagine what touching scenes and varied situations might be built up on this superstructure; and how Miss Pardoe, with her quiet fancy and refined taste, would work carefully and lovingly at her design. She has not fallen below her old reputation, but has produced that pleasant and careful kind of work which her talents have given the world the right to expect from her,—with perhaps a graver or even sadder tone about it than usual, as if life had grown very sober to the brilliant traveller in the "City of the Sultan,"—and realities had outweighed poetry and idealism for ever.

*Elizabeth.* A Story which does not end in Marriage. Translated from the German by S. A. Smith. 2 vols. (Simpkin and Marshall. Edinburgh: Grant & Co.)

WE have never disguised our dislike (to call it by no harsher name), to the class known as "religious novels," which has of late become so common in England. We object to these hybrid productions on principle, as both irreverent and in wretched taste. The name which we are expressly commanded not to "take in vain" should not be made subservient to the idle fiction of a novelist; nor were theological opinions and controversies ever intended to act as a medium for conveying the party-principles of a sect through the means of a love-tale. Let those who imagine themselves more capable of putting forth sounder views and inculcating more forcible lessons of religion than the professional and authorised exponents of the Scriptures, do so without assuming a disguise altogether without excuse, and honestly leave the public to judge of their capability of maintaining respectably the amateur character of Mentors which they have seen fit to assume; but in the name of propriety and common sense, let them cease to fight under false colours, and boldly rally under their own legitimate standard. The spread of education among the lower orders, and the greater amount of intelligence consequent thereon, have rendered sectarian pamphlets unpalatable even to the million; and again we say we rejoice that it should be so. But, unfortunately, the extirpation of the lesser evil has been succeeded by the introduction of a greater; and individuals of more or less education, judgment, and intelligence, obtrude upon their readers discussions on "High Church," and "Low Church," "Popery," "Puseyism," "Dis-sent," and "Protestantism," as glibly and as authoritatively as they invent their love-scenes and evolve their plots, and three octavo volumes are unhesitatingly addressed to the educated portion of society, disguised under an attractive title, altogether calculated to mislead and delude their readers. This species of cant and deception should be rigorously discountenanced; and we are resolved to raise our voice against it as a moral evil which forms an ugly blot upon the literature of the day. The writers whom we here emphatically denounce may rest assured that those for whom they profess to write, in nine cases out of ten, "skip" all their heavy and illogical homilies in order to follow up the loves and crosses of Ponsomby Clinton or Lady Grace Golightly without impediment; while even those who have sufficient patience to wade through these irrelevant and misplaced lucubrations derive no spiritual benefit from their exertions. Should we tolerate or sympathise with a pauper in a mantle of cloth of gold, or a navy in a tandem? Should we not derisively endeavour to uncloak the one and to dismount the other? Why, therefore, should we be called upon to bear with and to encourage an absurdity still more baneful in its effects? Well may we exclaim, in the present day, on cutting open the leaves of a *soi-disant* work of fiction, "Perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon!"

Let every novel be written in a pure and moral spirit. Their authors owe this to the public, whose suffrages are to be the reward of their labours; but let them eschew the present system of tampering with holy things, and of yearning after the "high places" which they are incompetent to fill.

After this deliberate enunciation of our appreciation of what are miscalled, under the



circumstances, "religious" novels, it will be esteemed no slight praise bestowed upon the work now under notice, that, although it is emphatically a religious novel, we feel bound to exempt it from our censure. It indulges in no controversy; it assumes no dogmatic authority; it makes no attempt to build up the infallibility of the individual form of worship which it advocates, upon the sneers lavished on those of others; it is calm, temperate, and eminently practical; and, to those partial to the peculiar style of German fiction, cannot fail to prove attractive. It is, moreover, admirably translated, and reads as fluently as an original composition. We shall venture upon a few short extracts, in order to justify our assertions:

"We cannot shut our children out of the world; they must go through it, with the Lord's help. We must not imagine, that by a Christian education we can spare them all inner conflicts. We can but lay a good foundation, and pray for them, and then by God's help they must struggle on by themselves. To wish to keep them back from all conflict and struggle, to shut them entirely up, would be dangerous in a Christian training. The young mind must have nourishment, and it is better that this nourishment should be given to it after due consideration, and wise rules, than that with little thought and over eagerness it should seek it for itself. The spirit will thrive amid all these things, and if it dwells in a wholesome atmosphere, as it expands it will shake off all that is little and narrow. Intrust your plants to the heavenly Gardener, pray to Him for dew and sunshine, and do not imagine that, with all your care, you can by yourself effect much."

"So long as we regard the judgment of men, we shall have no true peace; for the best men are changeable in their opinions, and liable to err. We must take counsel with the Lord, whether a thing be right or wrong, and He will give the clearest answer to our prayers. And the result will be, if we regard only the judgment of the Lord, we shall enjoy not only peace, but the love of the good, as a necessary consequence."

"As between parents and children there is a mystery of love which we never can grasp or explain by our understanding, so there is a mighty mystery of love between the children of God and their Saviour, Who has lived and died for them, and prepared for them a more gloriously ordered world than this visible one—even the life of everlasting bliss in His heavenly kingdom."

That even lessons such as these might be better inculcated in a different framework, we are by no means prepared to deny; but we insist that they are pre-eminently less misplaced than the polemical arguments and sectarian disquisitions which we heartily denounce in the pages of so many of our modern novels. Nor do we for one moment apprehend that the majority of our readers will dissent from our opinion. We shall conclude this notice with a paragraph which many of our lady-friends will do well to treasure in their memories:

"Until women can see all their household cares and labours, down to the slightest task that devolves upon them, in a poetic light—that is, with the feeling that these little tasks and troubles belong to their vocation, to the blessed vocation of a calm, peaceful, godly housewife—they cannot be sweet to them. The perfect ideal of such a housewife must be ever before them, in the kitchen, and by the work-basket. To form such an ideal, by God's help in themselves, to care for husband and child, is the heart's joy and peace; and dissipations from without, large parties, all the things that many women fancy themselves entitled to after their daily toils, would be only a burden to a lowly, Christ-like soul. Such an one will keep her first love more truly than any other; and over her, selfishness, *ennui*, or ill-humour will

have no power. A woman who is busied in her most trivial duties—by larder, chest, or work-basket—in such a mind, will ever keep her love most firmly and tenderly in her soul. One so devoted to the holy vocation given her by God, will live in the kingdom of heaven in all lowliness and simplicity, and will never be regardless of her love—the sunshine of her household life. Those poor wives who are obliged to live without this sun may have the heavens over them, and see the eternal sun behind the clouds; but they have not the flowers in their life that are so indispensable to a woman's heart, and that only flourish in the sunshine of love."

## POETRY.

*Poems.* By the Author of "John Halifax," &c. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)

MISS MULOCK, the authoress of this very pleasant volume of poems, is already widely known as a writer of considerable power and promise. Her "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Life for a Life," and her "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," have won for her the esteem of a wide circle of readers, and have prepared an audience for her poetical essays. Some surprise was expressed, in certain quarters, that a writer who had been so successful in prose composition should venture to risk her reputation by penning stanzas; but it would appear that our poetess is no new practitioner, no budding bard, as many of the poems in this collection have already appeared in print, and that they extend over a period of ten years. The reason assigned for their publication is, that they have been frequently reprinted, both in this country and in America; and therefore the authoress was induced to "collect, select, revise, and claim—her errant children." We certainly think that she has no reason to be ashamed of her poetical progeny. They are pure, sweet, womanly effusions, healthful in spirit, tender and true in tone, always musical, mostly pleasing, and, when not strikingly original, never particularly common-place.

No special character attaches to this collection of poems, which number over a hundred. They are miscellaneous, and their merits are almost as diverse as are the multitudinous topics touched upon. We think, however, that Miss Mulock's lightest efforts are the most felicitous, and that the poems in which she has striven to embody the vast and shadowy imaginings which haunt the true bard are the least happy of all her efforts. "Moon-struck: A Fantasy," is certainly very aptly named, although that is nearly all that can fairly be said in its favour. It is not even powerful, as, though the elements of the horrible are not wanting, the genius necessary for presenting them in one view, for grouping them effectively, and for so presenting them as to connect the merely repulsive into the terrible and the tragic, is altogether wanting. We have the maniac, the wide, wintry moor, and the *something* which stands either for the supernatural or for physical disease, but there is nowhere that wierd power which makes the flesh creep and the blood freeze. Far more effective is the less ambitious poem, entitled, "By the Alma River." Here, unobtrusively, and with true artistic instinct, we have a drama and a moral in a few sweet, touching lines, telling of triumph and of anguish, of a country's illuminations and rejoicings, and of the woes and anxieties of the domestic hearth. A mother tells her one child to lay aside his soldier-toys, to look upon his father's picture on the wall,

to remember the kiss not three months old, to fold his hands and say,

"Oh, keep father safe this day  
By the Alma river."

But the child, with his sweet murmuring voice, is to ask no more than this. He is not to heed whether the banner of the Briton, the Russ, the Turk, or the Gaul, may be victorious:

"Any flag if the wind may roll  
On thy heights, Sebastopol;  
Willie, all to you and me  
Is that spot, where'er it be,  
Where he stands—no other word!  
Stand—Sure, the child's prayer was heard—  
By the Alma river."

Here the womanly nature is made to reveal itself in a few quiet touches of consummate grace and power. What to this anxious wife and mother are national triumphs, conflict of creeds, balances of political power? The spot of ground where the husband and father stands "surely stands"—is more sacred than those, and outweighs them all. The joy-bells are ringing cheerily for victories won, but there are no knells tolled for those who fell by the Alma river. This is well; and yet the wife and mother is constrained to weep, not because she has any personal cause so to do—the child's prayer having surely been heard—but just to keep reason steady in the brain,

"Till the third dread morning tell  
Who they were that fought and fell  
By the Alma river."

Then mother and child seek their humble couch, humble as it is remembering that the soldier-husband and father lies on the cold sward, beneath the frozen blue of the wintry skies, dreaming of the two dear ones at home; or, perchance, occupied in digging trenches in the dark to bury those who died fighting at his side bravely, "by the Alma river." The thought that others may possibly be digging the trench wherein to bury *him*, is thrust aside with feverish impatience, for the child has prayed, and surely that prayer has been answered. Nevertheless, this beautiful little poem winds up with the following brave and Christian-like stanza:—

"Willie, Willie, go to sleep,  
God will keep us, O my boy,  
He will make the dull hours creep  
Faster, and send news of joy,  
When I need not shrink to meet  
Those dread placards in the street,  
Which for weeks will ghastly stare  
In some eyes—Child say thy prayer  
Once again; a different one:  
Say, 'O God, Thy will be done  
By the Alma river.'"

In the piece entitled "Four Years," there is a certain sad feeling skilfully interposed, though the season be that of the lush summertime, just as the song of the spring-tide is ended, and the hay is down. The poem on "October" is breezy and fresh, breathing of ripened apples, and all autumnal riches. We must quote a stanza:—

"It is no joy to me to sit  
On dreary summer eves,  
When silently the timid moon  
Kisses the sleeping leaves,  
And all things through the fair hush'd earth  
Love, rest—but nothing grieves.  
Better I like old autumn,  
His hair toss'd to and fro,  
Firm striding o'er the stubble fields  
When the equinoctials blow."

"The Wind at Night" is fanciful, but very faulty. One of its stanzas, however, expresses the general sentiment that even the beatitudes of the glorified may not quite obliterate the well-known and well-loved features of the departed, and contains a very natural prayer that,

"—even His brightness may not quite efface  
The soul's earth-features,  
That the dear, human likeness each may trace—  
Glorified creatures."

A fine moral runs through the little song,

entitled "The Mill," which we are informed was written for an Irish tune:

"Winding and grinding,  
Round goes the mill:  
Winding and grinding,  
Should never stand still.  
Ask not if neighbour  
Grind great or small:  
Spare not your labour,  
Grind your wheat all.  
Winding and grinding round goes the mill:  
Winding and grinding should never stand still.  
"Winding and grinding  
Work through the day,  
Grief never minding —  
Grind it away!  
What though tears dropping  
Rust as they fell?  
Have no wheel stopping —  
Work comforts all.  
Winding and grinding round goes the mill:  
Winding and grinding should never stand still."

"Only a Dream" is pure and sweet, but it reminds us too strongly of the far more powerful and spiritual poem by Gerald Massey, bearing the same title. Indeed, the principle of imitation seems to have had far too much to do with the composition of many of Miss Muloch's poems. She has read the productions of others, has admired them, and has sought to emulate their excellencies. This is to be regretted, as she has a quiet, and yet pleasing view of her own, as the following piece, entitled "A Ghost at the Dancing," amply testifies:

"A wind-swept tulip-bed — a colour'd cloud  
Of butterflies careering in the air —  
A many-figured arras stir'd to life,  
And merry unto midnight music dumb —  
So the dance whirls. Do any think of thee,  
Amiel, Amiel?  
"Friends greet each other — countless rills of talk  
Meander round, scattering a spray of smiles.  
Surely — the news was false. One minute more,  
And thou wilt stand here, tall and quiet-eyed,  
Shakespearean beauty in thy passive face,  
Amiel, Amiel.  
"Many here knew and loved thee — I nor loved,  
Scarce knew — yet in thy place a shadow glides,  
And a face shapes itself from empty air.  
Watching the dancers, grave and quiet-eyed —  
Eyes that now see the angels evermore,  
Amiel, Amiel.  
"On just such night as this, 'midst dance and song,  
I bade thee carelessly a light good-bye —  
'Good bye' — saidst thou; 'A happy journey home!' —  
Was the unseen death-angel at thy side,  
Mocking those words — 'A happy journey home,'  
Amiel, Amiel?  
"Ay, we play fool's play still; thou hast gone home.  
While we dance here, a mile hence o'er thy grave  
Drifts the deep New Year snow. The wondrous gate  
We spoke of, thou hast entered; I without  
Grope ignorant still — thou dost its secrets know,  
Amiel, Amiel.  
"What if, thus sitting where we sat last year,  
'Thou comest, took'st up our broken thread of talk,  
And told'st of that new Home, which far I view,  
As children, wandering on through wintry fields,  
Mark on the hill the father's window shine,  
Amiel, Amiel?  
"No. We shall see thy pleasant face no more.  
Thy words on earth are ended. Yet thou livest;  
'T is we who die. — I too, one day, shall come,  
And, unseen, watch these shadows, quiet-eyed —  
Then fit back to thy land, the living land,  
Amiel, Amiel."

We had noted many other pieces for comment and commendation; but we think that our readers will now be enabled to judge for themselves, as to the merits of this new candidate for poetical honours.

*Lays of the Sanctuary, and other Poems.* Compiled and edited by G. S. de M. Rutherford. (London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.)

THIS is a volume containing voluntary contributions towards a charitable object. Ordinary canons of criticism are scarcely applicable to cases of this sort. Mr. G. S. de M. Rutherford assures the public that Mrs. Elizabeth Good, for whose benefit the volume is published, is the relict of a professional gentleman who was much respected in his lifetime, and the niece of the late Rev. T. Allen, D.D.; that Mrs. Good, who is now seventy-five years of age, though "a marvel for her age," being "brisk, lively, and chatty as a girl in her teens," was left in comfortable circumstances by her husband, but "owing to the heartless duplicity

and atrocious villany of one, matchless in weaving the web of wrong scatheless, she not only lost her money, but the greater part of her furniture was sold." The merit of the several poems is, of course, various; many of the pieces being fair specimens of the style of the several authors, and others being utterly worthless, apart from the charitable intention with which they were penned. Among the chief contributors to the volume are Mrs. Howitt, Sydney Dobell, Gerald Massey, Stanyan Bigg, T. K. Hervey, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, George Macdonald, and many others whose names are well known. Professor Blackie has a vigorous little poem on John the Baptist, and the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" has a poem on "Truth." The Rev. Newman Hall contributes the following pretty sonnet, entitled "Death, the Gate of Life:"

"Are death's dark emblems suited for the grave  
Of him who dwells in heaven's unclouded light?  
For souls array'd in robes of dazzling white  
Shall blackest palls and plumes funeral wave?  
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,  
Torches reversed, whose flame is quenched in night,  
And columns shatter'd, our compassion crave  
For those whom Christ by death did fully save,  
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight  
Drink of the fountain of supreme delight?  
Rear high the shaft, new life thereon engrave!  
Turn up the torch, it never burnt so bright!  
A richer hue and scent the hily gives —  
Not till the Christian dies he fully lives!"

"God and Man," by Mrs. Johnston, is well worth quotation:—

"God keepeth watch, with never-sleeping eye,  
Over the souls of men:  
Angels, with earnest faces, round us fly,  
And upward soar again.  
"Man, with a laugh, a jest, from moon to moon  
Pursues his short career!  
With, now and then, a thought—forgotten soon—  
Of death that may be near.  
"God thunders, in His just and holy ire,  
Against that vile thing, sin;  
And writes upon heaven's gates, in words of fire,—  
'No sinner enters in.'  
"Man toys with this thing which his Maker hates,  
And smiles as in a dream;  
While those great words, that blaze on heaven's gates,  
To him unreal seem.  
"God, with a love so great that, in amaze,  
All heaven adoring stands,  
Comes down to earth, and bears with human ways,  
And dies by cruel hands.  
"Man reads with serious face, at stated times,  
Of God's great love to men;  
But worldly joys ring out their idle chimes,  
And steal his heart again.  
"God calls man, from the cradle to the grave,  
While the short seasons roll;  
All heaven is stirred with earnest love to save  
This blood-bought, God-made soul.  
"Oh man! thou masterpiece from God's right hand,  
Trifles are not for thee:  
Awake, and join awhile God's warrior band;  
Then rest eternally!"

On the whole, the collection, from the well-known ability of several of the writers, is greatly above the average merit of such works.

*The Poetical Works of Joseph Addison; Gay's Fables; and Somerville's Chase; with Memoirs and Critical Dissertations.* By the Rev. G. Gilfillan. (Edinburgh: J. Nichol.)

THIS very handsome volume closes the issue of the "British Poets," for 1859. The programme for 1860 is certainly a very tempting one. We learn that this year's publications will consist of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," with Tyrwhitt's notes, in three volumes; Cowley's Works, in two volumes; and specimens, with lives, of the less known British Poets from Chaucer to Cowper, in one volume. The last volume will contain such extracts and notices of poets who have failed to hold the position which they reached in their own day, and whose works, on the whole, are unworthy of appearing in the series, as may interest readers of the present. This will complete the first division of this magnificent edition of our poets, ranging from Chaucer to Cowper. The second division will include the works of those poets whose copyrights have expired since the days of the last-mentioned writer. The poetical works of Kirke

White, Bowles, Burns, Grahame, and Scott, have already been given, although, in the order of time, properly belonging to the second division of this great undertaking. Of the present volume, it may be sufficient to say, that it is in all respects equal to its predecessors in the series. The paper, type, and general "getting up" leaving nothing to be desired, while the biographical sketches and critical estimates are just as well as generous, and though necessarily very brief, are amply sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the reader.

*The End of the Pilgrimage and other Poems.* By Elizabeth Mary Parsons. (London: Westerton.)

THE attractions of this pretty little volume consist entirely of paper, type, and binding. Had the pages been blank, it would have been faultless. This we are sorry to say is not the case; faults of the most flagrant kind meet us on every page; and these faults are not those of immaturity merely, but of utter incompetence. We have seldom seen such distressing attempts at versification as are contained within the pretty covers of this pretty-looking little volume. One of the sections into which the work is divided is entitled "Verses Suggested by Sermons on the Ministry of the Angels." These sermons seem to have impressed the authoress very powerfully, but we are quite unable to account for this according to any known psychological law, if the sermons bore any relation to the quality of the verses wherein their pith and substance is supposed to be embalmed. Here is "Sermon II.":

"The Angel Gabriel to Mary came;  
I often wonder if it too was he  
Whose countenance of light and garb of snow,  
'Twas Mary's happiness again to see;  
"When rolling back the pond'rous stone, he sat  
Awake the keepers, pale with sudden fear,  
Yet comforting the women, 'Fear not ye!  
'Seeking for Jesus,' but, 'He is not here.'  
"Past the intense, the unutterable woe,  
Borne without murmuring in Gethsemane,  
Disciples slept, yet in that fearful hour,  
An Angel came, soothing his agony."

Here the intention is good but the utterance is weak. We are quite willing to believe that Miss Parsons is to blame for this, otherwise the preacher's text must have been the only part of his discourse worth listening to.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—20th Dec., Col. Sykes, V.P., M.P. in the Chair. Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M.P., the Rev. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A., John Coles, H. J. Phillips, and H. R. Sharman, Esqs., were elected Fellows of the Society. Mr. David Chadwick, treasurer, of Salford, read a paper, "On the Rate of Wages in Manchester and Salford, and the manufacturing districts of Lancashire during the last twenty years." The author commenced by stating, that at the request of Mr. Newmarch, on behalf of the Statistical Society, and of Mr. Heming, on behalf of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, he had been induced to undertake a statistical inquiry into the rate of wages in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. But owing to the equally strong objections entertained by both masters and operatives against supplying the requisite information, he, in common with all other writers on this particular subject, had had great difficulties to contend with. He had, however, spared no pains or labour to obtain reliable results.

By means of repeated applications, personally, and by circular, to the principal employers, he succeeded at length in obtaining a large number of returns; and from the most trustworthy of these returns, after carefully arranging and collating them, he had deduced the average wages paid in each trade and occupation. The author did not intend to enter into the question of the demand for and supply of labour in the various trades, but proposed to confine himself to a statement of the actual average not weekly earnings in each trade,



and to the simple record of any extraordinary circumstances or facts affecting the rise or fall of the rates of wages in some of the principal branches of trade. The author divided his subject into the following heads,—1, cotton manufacturing trades; 2, silk and other manufacturing trades; 3, building trades; 4, mechanical trades and workers in metal; 5, miscellaneous trades; 6, coal mining; 7, agricultural labourers; and 8, mercantile office and warehouse occupations. Commencing with the cotton manufacture, Mr. Chadwick referred to a table exhibiting the proportionate number of men, women, boys, and girls, in a cotton mill employing 500 hands, and the average amount of wages paid weekly to each class in 1859. This table showed the average weekly wages to each person in all departments taken together, to have been, men, 18s. 6d.; women, 10s. 2d.; boys, 7s.; and girls, 5s.; the proportionate numbers being, men, 95; women, 251; boys, 33; and girls, 121. According to Mr. Henry Ashworth, of Bolton, the average spinner's wages, from 1842 to 1859, have varied as follows: In 1842, the gross earnings were 36s. per week; in 1846, 38s.; in 1850, 35s. 6d.; and in 1859, 41s. per week: the piece's wages during the same period having remained stationary at 16s. After briefly describing the processes of cotton-spinning, and the social aspect of a cotton-mill, Mr. Chadwick proceeded to state, that out of the 2,046 cotton factories in England and Wales in 1856, no fewer than 1,480 were situated in Lancashire; and from the reports of the Factory Commissioners, it appeared that out of 50,000 operatives engaged in cotton and other manufacturing operations in Lancaster, 83 per cent. could read, but only 38 per cent. could write. The total number of operatives engaged in the cotton trade in Lancashire, Mr. Chadwick estimated at not less than 400,000. The sum paid to these 400,000 persons for wages, at the present average rate of 10s. 3½d. per week, would amount to 205,833½ per week, or 10,600,000½ per annum, and the capital now invested in mills, machinery, and working stock could not be taken at less than 52,000,000½ sterling, divided between 28,000,000 spindles (costing from 23s. to 24s. per spindle), and 300,000 power-looms (costing 24l. per loom); the estimated value of the working stock, &c., being about 20,000,000½. Mr. Chadwick then adverted to the cost of the raw material, and observed that as the rate of wages remains nearly the same, any variation in the price of cotton becomes a matter of the utmost importance to the manufacturers, and that during several months in the last two years, almost every manufacturer has been making and selling his goods at a certain loss on every pound of yarn, and yard of cloth. In referring to the building trades, Mr. Chadwick gave some very striking particulars respecting the oppressive regulations of the Trade's Union. The actual wages and hours of work are fixed by the Union, and while the hours of labour have considerably decreased during the last seventy years, the rate of wages has increased from 11.34 to 36 per cent. for the time employed. According to the rules prescribed by the Trade's Union, these labourers are paid, in summer, for 55½ hours, 21s.; in winter, for 50 hours, 18s. The time occupied by the men in walking to their work each day is reckoned as work; but that spent in returning is not, except on Saturdays, when the men all cease work, so as to be able to walk back to their master's offices by 1 o'clock P.M. The men are allowed half an hour for one mile, 40 minutes for 2 miles, and an hour for 3 miles. For all overtime the men must be paid 50 per cent. additional wages, and for overtime on Saturday nights and Sundays they receive double the usual rate of wages. No workman, under the severest penalties, is allowed to take any job by "measurement" or by "contract." The use of moulded bricks is strictly prohibited, and as no master is allowed to have more than one apprentice at a time—a second only being admissible when an apprentice is in the last year of his servitude—the employment of apprentices is virtually at an end. An excellent rule prohibits the payment of wages in public-houses, and entitles the men to charge. For any time they may be kept waiting for their money longer than

an hour. In conclusion, Mr. Chadwick remarked that the result of his inquiries proved, that a large proportion of the operative classes, in the various branches of trade, are receiving more wages at the present time than they have done during the last 20 years, and that there appears to be good reason to expect that the prosperity now prevailing is likely to be more than usually permanent. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Mr. Lumley, Mr. Newmarch, Dr. Guy, Mr. Brabrook, and the Chairman took part, and the meeting adjourned to Tuesday the 17th January, 1860.

**PAPER PARCHMENT.**—Mr. Thomas Taylor communicates to the *Chemical News* a new process of making this curious substance. Instead of immersing the paper in dilute sulphuric acid, he employs a concentrated solution of chloride of zinc. The paper is reduced in volume, but made tougher, stronger, and semi-transparent. The highest effect is produced by using the solution hot. Pieces of paper thus saturated can be united by ironing. The process is patented.

**PHOTOGRAPHY ON WOOD.**—Mr. Spence's patent process for taking photographs on wood consists in saturating the surface of the wood with albumen by washing it with white of egg and water; when this is dry, he applies a wash composed of thirty grains of Russian isinglass and two grains of common salt in one ounce of water. He then coagulates the albumen by the application of a dry heat. The superfluous gelatine is removed by friction, and the block then immersed in the silver solution, and the printing performed as if on paper. The object of the process is to fill up the pores of the wood, so as to prevent the silver solution sinking in too deep, and to accomplish this without injuring the block for the purposes of the engraver.

**SOLAR LIGHT.**—M. de Chacornac, after numerous observations, has arrived at the conclusion that the central portion of the solar disc, equal to three-tenths of its diameter, is the most brilliant, and that the luminosity gradually diminishes from the edge of this space to the rim of the disc. Near its edge the light is only half as brilliant as in the central space.

**SOLAR PHENOMENA.**—Mr. Carrington communicated to the Astronomical Society, a remarkable solar occurrence on the forenoon of the 1st September. While looking at an image of the sun's disc, projected on a plate of glass, coated with pale yellow distemper, he noticed a sudden blaze of two patches of intense white light within the area of the great north group of spots. In the lapse of five minutes the patches of light traversed about 35,000 miles. They appeared within 15 seconds of 11h. 18m., and disappeared at 11h. 23m. At the same time Mr. Hodgson, of Highgate, saw the phenomenon through a six-inch refractor, as the sudden appearance of a brilliant star of light, much brighter than the sun's surface, extending rays in all directions, and illuminating the edges of adjacent spots and streaks.

**HYPNOTISM.**—Mr. Braid, to whom the term and process are due, long since produced an anæsthetic state by causing the patient to look steadily at a brilliant object ten or fifteen inches from the face. The method has been revived in France, and M. Paul Broca has recently employed it with success in one of the Paris hospitals as a substitute for chloroform. The condition produced is evidently the same as, or very analogous to, the mesmeric sleep so successfully induced in the Calcutta Hospital by Dr. Esdaile, and which appears to have been neglected in this country through the dislike of the medical profession to anything that disturbs the slumbers of their orthodoxy.

**ACTION OF BLUE GLASS.**—A correspondent calls attention to the curious fact that, if green leaves are viewed through the ordinary blue glass used in ornamental windows, when the sun is shining, all those through which the light is transmitted appear orange red, while those from which it is reflected appear of a greyish tint. On a favourable day, trees so observed seem covered with brilliant blossoms.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At the half-yearly meeting of the governors of the British Lying-In Hospital, Long Acre, held in November last, James H. Mann Esq., presiding, the Chairman congratulated the meeting on the improved prospects of the Institution. He stated that during the past six months there had been 129 patients admitted to the benefits of the Hospital, and that 30 were waiting for admission. The amount of receipts for the past six months had been 462l. 16s. 9d., and the expenditure 462l. 18s.; of the former amount no less than 210l. had been the result of a special appeal to the public on behalf of the Hospital. This handsome response to their appeal was a source of great gratification to the governors, as it convinced them that further assistance would be freely rendered as their operations extended. He did not, however, wish to mislead them as to the prospects of the Hospital, or to convey the idea that they were not in want of funds; for the fact was, that if they had more support they could now open two additional wards, which were closed only for want of funds to keep up the necessary staff to attend to the patients in them. Everything in the establishment was conducted with the greatest economy; the governors had not even carpeted the board-room, nor had they put blinds to the windows, so anxious were they to extend the benefits of the Institution to the poor for whom the money was subscribed, and to give to the deserving the full benefit, of all the charitable contributions sent for their relief. The amount of money at present in hand was only 16l., and therefore any contributions from the benevolent would be most thankfully received (hear, hear). This institution was the oldest of the kind in London, having been established in 1749, and it had shown, he believed, the least number of deaths of any similar establishment in the metropolis (hear, hear). Referring again to the state of their monetary affairs, he said there was a legacy of 500l. that had been left to them, and which they would receive about the latter end of the next year, and with that and what they hoped to receive from the public, he thought they might soon venture to open two additional wards (hear, hear). During the past half-year an important regulation had been made by the weekly board in reference to wet-nurses, and he, the Chairman, had great satisfaction in calling the attention of the meeting to the following comments made thereon by the leading medical journal, *The Lancet*:—*Lancet*, Oct. 1859. "Wanted a Wet Nurse.—The wages of a wet-nurse are too often the salary of sin, and carelessly lavished by perverted luxury. One woman neglects her duty, and suborns a poorer to the like offence, that she may buy immunity for her offspring from the sufferings to which she dooms the child of the hireling. When a wet-nurse is not a necessity, her functions are disgraceful, and her presence is a reproach. It is impossible not to reflect on the possible fate of that nursing, deserted by its natural guardian, or, at least, robbed of its intended pabulum. Only necessity justifies the employment of wet nurses; and it is probable that if demand for their services were limited to those cases in which alone they can be justly claimed, enough would be found who could supply the mother's place without neglecting sacred duties to their own offspring. Thus a fertile source of disease amongst children would be removed. We record with satisfaction the following resolution, passed by the weekly board of guardians of that admirable and most useful institution, the British Lying-in Hospital, Endell Street, Bloomsbury, which fully recognises a principle often advocated in these columns, and adopts a judicious rule which we would gladly see enforced at other similar institutions:—"The Board, considering that it is advisable to refrain as far as possible from encouraging the employment of wet nurses, except in peculiar cases, resolved: Any person desirous of engaging a wet nurse at or by means of this hospital, must produce a certificate from the medical attendant, stating that for the safety of the mother or child it is absolutely necessary that

a wet nurse be engaged. The matron shall keep a book in which to enter the names and addresses of applicants for wet nurses; and this book, together with the medical certificates forwarded to her, shall be laid before the weekly board from week to week for inspection." The following addition to the laws of the Hospital was proposed by Dr. Graily Hewitt, seconded by Dr. John Clarke, and carried:—"The Secretary shall attend at the Hospital daily between the hours of 12 and 4." A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

**SCHOOL FOR FEMALE STUDENTS, GOWER STREET.**—The following Minute, which has been passed recently by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, particularly addresses itself to those who are interested in providing women with suitable occupations:—"My Lords proceed to consider the position of the School for Female Students at 37, Gower Street.—Originally, female classes were held in the School of Design in Somerset House. Owing to want of accommodation, it was removed into separate premises in the Strand, opposite Somerset House. Outgrowing these premises, a house was hired for it in 1851 at 37, Gower Street, at a rental of 125*l.* per annum, which, together with the taxes, repairs, and furniture at 97*l.*, amounts to 222*l.* per annum, and is paid by the Department. In addition, the Department bears the cost of cleaning, lighting, and a messenger, estimated together to cost about 130*l.* per annum. The Department also pays the whole cost of examples, and the annual salary of a superintendent at 120*l.*, besides the certificates on competency usually paid to teachers, and allowances to pupil-teachers; so that the total contribution of the state exceeds 500*l.*, incurred on behalf of a school which can only be considered in the light of a metropolitan district school. The students' fees cover for the most part the cost of instruction, but are insufficient to pay the local expenses. The existing arrangement for these local expenses must be considered in the light of an inheritance from the old system of the schools of design, and present the sole remaining example of that system, forming a solitary exception at the present time. Since the school was located in Gower-street in 1852, an efficient school for training female students as teachers has been attached to the Normal Central Training School, and separate classes for female students, taught by female teachers, have been formed in the district schools of Finsbury, Hampstead, and Spitalfields; whilst female students are admitted to the general classes in the district schools of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, St. Thomas' Charterhouse, Rotherhithe, Lambeth, and St. George's-in-the-East. As the state bears no part of the local expenses in the district schools of the metropolis, the school at Gower-street is to that extent an unfair competitor with them. For all the requirements of female students whose means are limited, the various district schools do, or may, afford ample and cheap opportunities for study. My Lords consider that the time has arrived when the Department should no longer be charged with the local expenses which in other cases are paid by the voluntary principle, and that if the school at Gower-street is to be maintained, some voluntary agency must undertake its local management. Towards accomplishing this, the Department will give every aid in its power; but it should be clearly understood that the rent and local expenses of the school will cease to be paid by the Government in the course of next year, and that if no voluntary agency should come forward the school will be closed."

**Mr. Charles Newton**, H. M.'s Consul at Rome, is preparing for publication a work on the monuments of Art in the Levant. The work will be entitled *Researches and Discoveries in the Levant*, and will be illustrated with maps, lithographs, and woodcuts.

**Mr. Ruskin** has completed the fifth and concluding volume of his *Italian Painters*. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will publish it with the two concluding volumes of *Muir's Life of Mahomet*.

*The Atlas* is enlarged from to-day's number. It seems to be regaining some of the spirit of its youth.

*The Art Journal* became of age at the end of the year. The first number of the twenty-second volume shows no sign of decay; indeed, it is keeping up with the age, and may now be said to be approaching the prime of life. The print of Winterhalter's beautiful "Lady Constance" forms a good opening to the new number.

**Dr. Stebbing** has nearly ready for the press his long-expected *Lives of the Italian Poets*.

**Lord Macaulay.**—So sudden and unexpected was the death of Macaulay, that Messrs. Longmans were not even aware that he was ill. They did not hear of his death till late on Thursday, and then considered it a false report, of which they took no further notice. It was not before Friday morning that they were made acquainted with the sad fact. On the Wednesday evening, the evening of his decease, Messrs. Longmans had despatched to Lord Macaulay's residence a copy of *Cats's* beautiful book of *Mural Emblems*, which must have reached Campden Hill about the very hour he died. With regard to the *History*, nothing is at present known with any certainty; but we are assured that another volume, finishing the reign of William and Mary, if not quite ready for the press, is at any rate in such a state that it can be easily prepared for publication by a competent person, in a very short time.

**The Art-Union of London.**—The report of the council of the Art-Union of London has just been issued. We are glad to observe the continued prosperity and increasing means of usefulness of the Society, in the advance of 3,500*l.* over the amount of subscriptions received during the preceding year.

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**—Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce the following works in their List of New Publications in preparation:—"Travels in Eastern Africa, with the Narrative of a Residence in Mozambique," by Lyons M'Leod, Esq., late British Consul in Mozambique, 2 vols.;—"The History of the Reign of Henry IV., King of France," by Miss Weir;—"The Upper and Lower Amoor, a Narrative of Travel and Adventure," by Mr. Atkinson, Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia," in 2 vols. with numerous illustrations;—"The Life and Times of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham," by Mrs. Thomson;—"A New Work on 'Italy and the Italians,' by Miss Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt;—"A Journey on a Plank, from Kiev to Eaux Bonnes," by Lady Charlotte Pepys;—and New Works of Fiction by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mr. Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Hannay, the Hon. Mrs. Dutton, Mr. Heneage Deering, the Author of "Wildflower," &c.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—Tuesday, Jan. 10, 3 o'clock: Professor Owen, on Fossil Birds and Reptiles.—Thursday, Jan. 12, 3 o'clock: Professor Tyndall, on Light.

**SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.**—Tuesday, Jan. 10, half-past 7 P.M. I. On the Baal of the Bible, illustrated by a large fac-simile of the Assyrian Bel.—II. On some of the "Seals" mentioned in the Bible, by Charles E. Harle, Esq.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8 P.M. I. Address on taking the chair, by Mr. G. P. Bidder, President.—II. Renewed discussion upon Mr. Grantham's paper, "On Arterial Drainage and Outfalls."

**ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**—Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1860, at 9 P.M. Dr. Gray, on a New Form of soft-bodied Turtles from the Zambesi.—Mr. S. Stevens, to exhibit birds and butterflies collected by Mr. Wallace in Batchian.—Mr. Slater, on the Trachea of the Spur-winged Goose (*Plectropterus*). And other papers.

**ROYAL SOCIETY.**—Jan. 12. Mr. G. Gore, on the Movement of Liquid Metals and Electrolytes in the Voltaic Circuit.—Mr. T. Hopkins, on the Forces that produce the great Currents of the Air and of the Ocean.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

**Consumption—Its Nature and Treatment.** By John Epps, M.D. (Sanderson.) Many years have now elapsed since Hahnemann introduced a new system of medicine, which, notwithstanding its peculiar liabilities to ridicule, has found favour with no small portion of the educated class in all civilised countries, and has received the adhesion of men of learning and science. The ordinary run of doctors simply abuse it; the more philosophical, like Sir John Forbes, candidly confess the mischief of the common system of blisters, bleedings, purgatives, sudorifics, tonics, alteratives, and other means of tormenting the human organisation, and prefer what they call the "expectant" method, which mainly consists in permitting the patient to get well, and to which they ascribe the success of homœopathy. We do not intend to be the champions of either school, because a spirit of partisanship is unfavourable to those accurate experiments and observations by which the truth must be elicited. The book just published by Dr. Epps, who is well known as a most zealous homœopathist, although originally educated in the opposite system, consists of two parts; one, a general philosophy of the disease, and the other containing an account of the alleged relation between its various symptoms and different remedies which the homœopathic Pharmacopœia contains. The first portion exhibits a great deal of research, but we do not observe that it adds to the information generally diffused on the subject; and in a philosophical point of view, we learn nothing from being told that "in order to render an individual liable to phthisis, a special condition of the system must exist—a phthisical cachexia." In another passage, Dr. Epps considers that persons attacked with cholera had a cholera cachexia. This is a specimen of the old system of metaphysical reasoning which modern science is fast exploding, and we might as well have the archives of Paracelsus or Van Helmont as the "cachexy" of more modern theorists. Dr. Epps is so fond of this ugly word "cachexia," that he tells us vaccination creates a cachexia which resists the attack of small-pox, as if that could be a bad state of body which resisted a horrible disease! Science only deserves its name when it is precise; to tell us that certain external circumstances produce disease, because they act upon a bad condition previously existing, is to add nothing to our information; as no one ever supposed that exposure to the weather, for example, produced an uniform result in all persons of all ages, temperaments, and states of health. With reference to the most important part of Dr. Epps's book, the indication of appropriate remedies afforded by the symptoms of the disease, we can only say that this portion bears evidence of great labour, and those who are already convinced of the soundness of homœopathy may not be disposed to question the results; but what proof is there that the several medicines enumerated do produce the "pathognomic effects" ascribed to them in these pages? We are quite ready to be convinced of any true fact in any science, however much it may militate against our previous opinions, but we want more than the blank assertion even of an able man.

**The Relations of Professional and Liberal Knowledge.** By Francis G. Newman. (Bradbury and Evans.) Under this title Professor Newman has published the excellent lecture which he delivered at the commencement of the present session, in University College, and in which he ably elucidated the way in which professions become liberal, not as mere specialties, but through the general intellectual culture of those by whom they are carried on. The connexion of refinement or religion with learning is admirably explained, and there is a profound thought in the expression, that "true gracefulness generally results out of strength economising itself." Equally important is it for the student to remember that "it is illiberal when one science is positively jealous of another, and has a secret suspicion that the two are natural enemies. But neither is it liberal when mutual sympathies are deficient. In fact, this absence



of sympathy, even when partial, is generally a mark of ignorance; and when it is pervading it constitutes a narrowness of mind, and evinces mere force of bigotry." We fully agree with Professor Newman, that so far as it is practicable, universality of culture is desirable, and if broad principles are distinctly apprehended, there is no fear that extent of culture will be synonymous with shallowness.

*Journal of the Statistical Society.* (J. M. Procter and Son). The December number of this periodical contains a paper by Col. Sykes, taking a hopeful view of the financial condition of British India, Observations and Statistics of the Universities of Russia, on the Illegitimacy in certain London Parishes, Church Building in Glasgow, and sundry other matters. The most generally interesting of these papers is that on Illegitimacy. It appears that in the Parishes of Marylebone, St. Pancras, and St. George's, 388 illegitimate children died in 1857, most of them before they were one year old. The occupations of 339 mothers were ascertained, and 194 proved to be domestic servants. Dr. Randall, of the Marylebone Infirmary, was able to learn the occupation of fathers in 180 instances of illegitimate children born in the Marylebone Workhouse; of these 25 were domestic servants, including three coachmen, two gardeners, and one groom. The next most numerous class were labourers and carpenters, distinguished by contributing to the number of eleven. In the three parishes mentioned, it appears that nearly half the illegitimate children die, and according to the Registrar-General's returns, 846 children suffered death from violence in England and Wales during the year 1856. Of these a large portion are supposed to have been illegitimate. So much for the magnitude of the evil. For its cure, Mr. Acton recommends greater exertions to promote the marriage of women who have become pregnant or mothers. He also recommends a complete change in the law, and the establishment of a board to look after such cases, take care of the women and children, and prosecute the fathers for seduction. Some change in the law is no doubt desirable, as the present action for seduction is a public scandal, and from its cost altogether inapplicable to the cases of poor persons. Still we doubt the propriety of Mr. Acton's views. That gentleman further recommends organised efforts to secure the erring mothers situations as wet-nurses,—a proceeding which would be open to grave objections. We should be willing to see the man compelled to take his fair share of the expense and inconvenience consequent upon the production of illegitimate offspring, but doubt any remedy succeeding that does not involve so great an improvement of the social condition of the people, as to hold out to the class of women who are now tempted to go astray, the prospect of a happy marriage as the reward of prudent conduct. It is also most desirable that the homes of the poor should be such as permit decent habits to be formed.

*How to Repel Invasion.* By Edward Hardy, R.N. (Hardwick.) Captain Hardy proposes to convert the rural police into an artillery force, and that they should work 6-pounder guns, which he shows can be moved when necessary without horses. We see no reason why we should not have volunteer artillerymen as well as rifles, and feel that there are constitutional objections to assimilating the police too much to a military force, at the disposal of the central power. Whatever is done in the way of local defence by volunteers should, as far as possible, be in accordance with the only sound principle—that of local self-government.

*A Note to the Cornwallis Papers.* By William John Fitzpatrick. (Kelly: Dublin.) In the form of a stout pamphlet, Mr. Fitzpatrick adds a highly curious chapter to the materials for the political history of Ireland at a most eventful period. His main object is to trace the career of Francis Higgins, whom he has identified as the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but he has incidentally furnished us with strange and startling revelations of the times, and of the conduct of

many of the chief actors in the struggles for and against the Union. That a notorious criminal and scoundrel like Higgins should, after public exposure, conviction, and imprisonment, have risen to fortune and honours, and enjoyed the society and patronage of judges and noblemen, will go far to justify the denunciations which Irish patriots always level at the government of that day; but such a story as that which Mr. Fitzpatrick lays before us confirms the idea, that no small portion of the blame of those evil times must be laid to the charge of the general corruption of Irish society. The bribery, corruption, intrigues, and violence which he brings home to the central power, would have been quite impossible if the average state of manners and opinion had been either honest or patriotic. We are no apologists for the injustice of British rule in Ireland or elsewhere, but the history of the Emerald Isle confirms the general rule, that the misfortunes of nations are mainly their own fault.

*The Law and Relations of Parent and Child.* By an Old Lawyer. (W. R. McPhun.) In this cheap little volume, dedicated by permission to Lord St. Leonards, we find a compendious and simple account of the law of Scotland relating to parent and child. So far as we can judge the work is well done.

*Morphia a remedy in Inflammations of the Eye.*—The *Medical Times* of the 31st ultimo, contains an important paper on the "Antiphlogistic Powers of Morphia," by Mr. J. Zachariah Laurence, Oculist to the South London Ophthalmic Hospital. Mr. Laurence has discovered that morphia (the active principle of opium) possesses the power of curing those severe inflammations of the eye, which have hitherto been treated by the abstraction of blood, blistering, and mercury. Mr. Laurence adduces several actual cases in support of his statement; in one of these the morphia arrested the inflammation in seven hours, and in nearly all the cases within four and twenty hours. We must refer our readers to the *Medical Times* itself for further information on this interesting discovery.

*Welcome Guest.*—This magazine contains many good papers; but certainly the palm must be given to Mr. Robert Brough's poem, which tells of an honest man whose entire life is wrecked by the selfishness and cruelty of his cousin, who is thus described:

"This fellow was a very snake,  
In movement, hue—almost in make—  
He seemed one undulating line—  
His boneless arms as glad or tied,  
Would stick for ever to his side,  
And with his spineless carcase twine.  
Two clammy paws—like ice to shake—  
Would deprecating movements make.  
But he the reptile never lost:  
When elevated from the snake or toad,  
'Twas to the lizard's rank at most.  
A something still in blood and form  
Betwixt the crocodile and worm."

*A Pop-gun let off by George Cruikshank:* (London: W. Kent & Co.)—In this brochure Mr. Cruikshank comes forward as the "laudator temporis acti seu pueri," and vindicates the volunteers of 1805 against some disparaging remarks made by General W. Napier in a letter to the *Times* of November the ninth. Besides asserting the efficiency of the volunteer force of that time, the writer proceeds to discuss the doctrines of the Peace Society, and, by way of practical advice for our own day, recommends that boys should be instructed in the management of fire-arms, just as they are in dancing or swimming. Although the arrangement of the arguments is not very lucid, these pages contain enough acuteness and liberal common sense to make them well worth reading. In illustrating his doctrines of self-defence, Mr. Cruikshank incidentally mentions that a certain publisher is in the habit of issuing works as "illustrated by Cruikshank," in which the etchings are not from the pencil which depicted the horrors of 'the Bottle,' but are executed by Mr. Percy Cruikshank, a nephew of the more famous artist. Mr. Cruikshank's complaints against this treatment are very natural, and we are sure the public will fully appreciate them.

## MONTHLY CAUSERIES ON FRENCH BOOKS.

*La Vie de Saint Thomas le Martyr, archevêque de Canterbury, par Garnier de Pont Saint Maxence, poète du XII<sup>e</sup> siècle; publiée et précédée d'une Introduction, par C. Hippeau, professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Caen. 12mo. (Paris: Auguste Aubry.)*

THE texts referring to the dramatic history of Thomas à-Becket exist in several important works well known by most students. Giraldus Cambrensis, Roger de Hoveden, Henry of Huntingdon, and many other contemporaries, have narrated the prelate's career, and given every particular of a contest which rose above paltry squabbles of a personal character, because it was in fact an attempt to assert the superiority of the ecclesiastical over the lay power in the state, and to solve a problem which seems still as far from its solution as ever. These documents, however, were scattered here and there throughout the pages of old folios, often imperfectly printed, and always difficult of access; and Dr. Giles rendered a true service to the cause of historic literature when he reprinted together, in a portable, cheap, and elegant shape, all the numerous fragments referring to Thomas à-Becket, with the addition of nearly eight hundred letters, written either by the Archbishop or by various individuals belonging to his cause. We say *all*, but this is a slight mistake; for the object of the present volume is precisely to fill up a deficiency overlooked by Dr. Giles, and to supply a curious and most valuable text, upon which sufficient attention has not yet been bestowed.

Before turning to the *Chronicle* itself, we must prefix a few words about the author, Garnier de Pont Saint Maxence; and in doing this our best course will be to condense the information collected by M. C. Hippeau in his excellent and very complete Introduction; the authorities being the Abbé de la Rue's imperfect notice (*Bardes et Trouvères*, vol. iii.), and the disquisition contributed by M. T. V. Leclerc to the twenty-third volume of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*.

Gilbert de Pont Saint Maxence appears to have been acquainted with the family of Thomas à-Becket; when the startling news of the murder of the prelate reached him, he composed, *currente calamo*, under the first impression, a narrative which in many respects was erroneous and unsatisfactory, being drawn up far from the scene of the events he had taken upon himself to relate:

Primes traitai de joie et souvent i menti;

This is undoubtedly a very naïve acknowledgment, and we are glad to find immediately afterwards recorded that the chronicler determined upon crossing the Channel, in order that by personal observation and careful survey he might correct whatever misstatements his biographical sketch contained, and supply from authentic quarters such incidents and facts as had not been communicated to him:—

A Chantorbiere alai; la vérité oi,  
De amis saint Thomas la vérité cuilli  
Et de cels ki l'aveient dès c'enfance servi.  
D'oster et de remettre le travail en suffi.

It is in 1172 that Garnier came over to England, that is to say, two years after the murder of the Archbishop, and already miracles of the most extraordinary description were commonly reported as being of daily occurrence at the shrine, attracting, of course, crowds of pilgrims from every country in Europe:—

Tus li muns curt à lui, et évêque et abbé,  
Et gentil et vilain, li prince et li casé;  
Et nuls n'es en sumant, aïez i vunt de lur gré.  
Muit se haste d'aler cil ki n'ad esté;  
Nis li petit enfant i sunt en berz porté.  
Li munt i parolent, li surs i unt l'oïe;  
Et de lépre i guarissent masin, et d'idropsie.  
Li contres i redrescent, li mort i unt la vie,  
Li avoie i alument; saint Thomas tost aie.  
Celui qui par buen quer le requert et de pris.

The history of Thomas à-Becket, the memorable struggle he carried on against the King in behalf of the Church, his tragical end, and the universal sensation it created, soon furnished ample theme to the narrative talents of panegyrists, both in prose and in verse. As is generally the case, fic-

tion was engrafted upon truth, a strong legendary colour was spread over the whole affair, and incidents were made up without much regard for  *vraisemblance* by those whom the tyranny of Henry II. irritated so much. Garnier acknowledges this tendency to exaggeration in the following lines:—

Tut cil autre romanz c'un ad fet del martyr,  
Clerc, u lai, muine, u dame, mult les i oient;  
Ne le veir, ne le plein, ne les i oit furir;  
Mes ei porreis le veir et tut le plein oir  
N'istral de verité pur perde u pur morir!

After a remonstrance couched in such strong language, Garnier de Pont Saint Maxence was doubly obliged to take pains in correcting his own original narrative, and in striking off all the excrescences which he had admitted before his journey to England. A careful examination of the poem convinces us, that he has done this very successfully; and, in fact, far from deserving the slighting notice with which Dr. Giles dismisses it, we think that it is one of the most important documents that can be consulted respecting the biography of the murdered Archbishop. Its great characteristic is a scrupulous adherence to truth; and the principal personages who took a part in this event are sketched by the poet with an exactness the extent of which can easily be ascertained from a reference to other contemporary annals. M. Hippeau remarks, that, in spite of his admiration for Thomas à Becket, Garnier has enumerated certain curious particularities referring to the prelate's worldly career, and which the Latin panegyrist have not scrupled to omit, "trop disposés à présenter le saint martyr comme pourvu, dans tous les temps, de vertus exemptes d'imperfections ou de faiblesses."

Another fact which gives additional value to the metrical biography we are now examining, is that the author has inserted in his narrative a translation of several official papers connected with the history of his hero. Thus, the celebrated Constitution of Clarendon, two letters addressed by Henry II. to the Archbishop of Canterbury, another one written to à Beckett by the Bishop of London, with the last-named prelate's answer. Let us also note here and there outbursts of true eloquence, especially when Garnier apostrophises the murderers of the Archbishop, the other ecclesiastical dignitaries who connived at the King's design, and the monarch himself. A short extract will serve as a specimen of the poet's style, and of the manner in which he followed the well-known precept, *Facit indignatio versum*:—

Reis, purpente-tel meus; ne te creire al cussell:  
Mut sunt faux li prelat que tu as pris al breil.  
Plus sunt falses del rei, quant il est en tueil.  
Quant trichier lur seigneur, poi te serunt feil.  
Ne te creire a la nuit; dunc-tel al soleil!  
Reis, se tu es unvins, curune d'or portaut,  
Ne dais estre en orgueil, mes en ben rehausant.  
A tun puple deiz estre et chès est lur chalaunt.  
Ne la portes adès, n'aveoc ne fus nalsaut:  
La gloire de cest mund n'est lunge ment duraunt.

This is genuine poetry, notwithstanding the roughness of the language; it should have touched the heart of Henry II., but, unfortunately, in the twelfth, as well as in the nineteenth century, kings were not very accessible to the appeals of patriotic bards, and Garnier's invective produced no result whatever.

After giving thus an idea of the rhymed chronicle just published, we must say a word or two of the interesting preface for which we are indebted to M. Hippeau. This gentleman has very ably described the character of the contest between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket, stating and refuting at the same time the well-known theory put forth by the late Augustin Thierry, in his *Histoire de la Conquête d'Angleterre par les Normands*. According to M. Hippeau, the idea of representing the Archbishop of Canterbury as the impersonation of Saxon resistance to Norman oppression, is a mere fanciful imagining, which will not bear any close scrutiny. "The whole struggle," he adds, "reduced to its most simple expression, and such as we find it related by Garnier de Pont Saint Maxence, is nothing else but a question of judicial competency. But when the right of judging and punishing becomes an object of contest between two powers so considerable as were in the twelfth

century, on the one side, the Church stipulating on behalf of the people, and, on the other, the King, backed in his pretensions by the chiefs of the military aristocracy, such a discussion could not but assume immense proportions." M. Hippeau acknowledges that all his sympathies are with Thomas à Becket; and if we compare the penal code which the mediæval Church applied, to that which formed the basis of feudal law, we see at once the reason of this preference. To quote once more from the learned editor's preface: "Under the feudal system, the word *penalty* was synonymous with that of *revenge*. To this inexorable rigorous ecclesiastical law opposed what has been designated in our own days as the *reparability* of crime and the *morality* of punishment." So striking a contrast is quite sufficient to explain the strenuous opposition carried on by Thomas à Becket against the English monarch, without having recourse to the view which M. Augustin Thierry upheld, we must say, with much ingenuity and talent. Whilst noticing this part of the subject, M. Hippeau refutes the well-known romantic legend about the marriage of Gilbert, the father of Thomas, with the fair daughter of the Saracen admiral. This story, adopted by the French historian, is evidently apocryphal in its character; not one of the Archbishop's contemporaries gives it, and the first work in which we find it is the *Quadrilogus* of 1495, "qui n'est," says M. Hippeau, "qu'une compilation faite sans choix et sans critique, longtemps après les événements."

The poem of Garnier de Pont Saint Maxence is a work of 5,872 lines, divided into stanzas of five lines each. The present edition has been printed from a manuscript preserved in the Paris Imperial Library (Supplém. Français, No. 6, 236), and which belonged previously to Richard Heber. The British Museum possesses two manuscripts of the poem (Harl. No. 270, and Cotton, Domit. xi.), but both are very imperfect. M. Immanuel Bekker published, in 1838, at Berlin, another edition, under the title: *Leben des h. Thomas von Canterbury, alt Französischen*, using for the purpose a fourth manuscript, kept in the Wolfenbüttel Library. The text supplied by this Codex is superior to that of the English manuscripts, but inferior to the Paris one. It has, nevertheless, furnished the French editor with a valuable extract relating to the penance which Henry II. underwent four years after the death of the Archbishop.

In conclusion, we would thank most cordially M. Hippeau for this very important contribution to mediæval history and literature. The biography of Thomas the Martyr is the first volume of a collection of old authors, to which we shall revert as soon as a further instalment issues from the press.

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#### FINE ARTS.

##### FRESCO IN LINCOLN'S INN HALL.

A CLEAR bright day has afforded us the desired opportunity of spending an hour or two in examining Mr. G. F. Watts' recently completed fresco. In truth, it is a work not to be summarily dismissed after a first cursory survey. For the last sixteen years the artist has devoted his best efforts to the study of the principles and the processes which guided the great painters of old in the production of those grand mural pictures, which are by common consent regarded as the chief triumphs of the art. From the time when he carried off a first-class prize at the first cartoon competition in Westminster Hall, Mr. Watts has resolutely sacrificed every chance of winning fame and fortune as a popular painter, in the hope of qualifying himself to execute some of those great national works which he regards as the true, because the highest, achievements of the artist. He has travelled much and laboured hard; and when the expected opportunity did not occur, he made an opportunity for himself, by volunteering to cover with an elaborate fresco-painting one end of the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn, without any remuneration beyond the actual outlay. The Benchers accepted the offer; and Mr. Watts has, after five years of patient toil, continued through seasons of ill-health and consequent mental as well as physical depression, completed what is at least the largest fresco painting ever executed in this country, and one of the largest painted anywhere since the decline of the art in Italy. Whether, therefore, it be a great success, or an utter failure, as it has been variously said to be, or that intermediate something, which cautious critics are likely to declare it, it is yet a work which, showing as it does at the first glance, evidence of knowledge, and power, and earnest purpose, as well as great labour, ought to be approached with respect, and regarded with an honest desire to do justice to the intention of the artist, as well as to what he has actually accomplished.

The picture occupies the entire wall-space of the north end of the hall, above the oak panelling: the upper part being enclosed as in a frame by the



principal timbers of the last bay of the roof. Its dimensions are about 50 feet by 34. The figures, thirty in number, are of colossal proportions. Mr. Watts, we believe, proposes to entitle his fresco, "The School of Legislation." The title will recall to the memory Raffaele's famous "School of Philosophy," or "School of Athens," as it is more commonly designated; and it is evidently not by his title alone that our English artist is willing to recall the great Italian painter's masterwork.

The personages represented comprise the chief legislators of the world, from the earliest period down to the middle of the thirteenth century: other pictures, if the full idea of the artist be carried out, will bring down the subject to our own time. The personages are arranged in three stages: Moses, as the divine lawgiver, forming the centre of the picture, and the key of the composition. The extreme back-ground consists of a gothic window, intended to harmonise with the great window at the opposite end of the hall, and to unite the picture with the architectural features of the building generally. In front of this window, and with it filling the upper arch of the roof, is a seated sculptural group—Religion, supported by Justice and Mercy. Immediately below, and in front of this group, are the legislators of antiquity, seated in a line which extends entirely across the picture. In the centre of this line is Moses, his face turned heavenwards, and his right hand resting upon the Tables of the Law. On his left are the mythic sages of the most ancient eastern nations: Sesostris\*, the Egyptian, the upper part of his person clad only in its native bronze, the lower enveloped in a simple robe; Zoroaster; Pythagoras (placed here, we suppose, as deriving his knowledge from Egypt and India); Confucius; and, at the extreme end, prone and naked, the Hindoo Manu. On the right of Moses are the more historical lawgivers of ancient Europe, Lycurgus, Minos, Draco, Solon, Numa, and Servius Tullius. An astrolabe placed on a pedestal close against the Jewish lawgiver typifies, we suppose, the Magi, from whom the law and religion of the Chaldees were alike derived.

In the second stage, the central part, directly below and in front of Moses, is occupied by Justinian, upon whose shoulder his empress Theodora is leaning, whilst at their feet are sitting two scribes writing out the code. On one side Mahomet, the man of action as well as contemplation, stands firmly grasping both Koran and scimitar, marking at once the character of his law, and the means he took to propagate it. To the left, and a little lower than the Roman emperor, are a doctor of the church and a civilian, handing down the Justinian code to the Teutonic regenerators of the western empire. On the other side stands apart the magnificent figure of Charlemagne, arrayed in royal robes, and leaning on his huge two-handed sword; while left of him are, a reclining Sarracenic figure in chain armour, the English Alfred the Great, the Wessex Ina, and, leaning on a monolith in stately solitude, a Druid of more than Platonic majesty of brow and countenance.

The foreground is wholly occupied by Englishmen: on the left, in royal robes and knightly armour, sits apart our English Justinian, Edward I.; on the right are two stalwart barons holding the Great Charter they have wrested from the pusillanimous vassal of the Pope; and by them, in his episcopal vestments, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the great adviser and supporter of the barons against both Pope and King. Marble steps connect the several stages; and set back the lowest standing-place from the frame of the picture.

In treatment, the picture is studiously and even severely simple. No attempt whatever is made to attract the eye by dramatic action, brilliancy of colour, or force of chiaroscuro. There is no scenic representation: no gathering of the sages in some imaginary elysium or hall of council. It is simply a collection of the great lawgivers of

antiquity, each for the most part holding communion only with his own heart. The only connection is that subjective one supplied by the purpose of the picture. Yet even the most heedless observer must feel that the artist had an idea, which he has carefully thought out, and done his best to embody. The several personages are distinctly individualised. All of them are of a grave, intellectual countenance and bearing, yet they have none of that unmeaning idealised cast of face which in the great schools of the continent is so much affected. They are not abstract lawgivers or philosophers, but real living men: and many of them—those in the upper range especially—are noble conceptions. The Moses is a magnificent figure: you can see that the Moses of Michel Angelo was in the artist's mind, but it is in no sense an imitation of that wondrous statue. In all there is evidence of earnestness, as well as elevation of purpose, knowledge, research, depth, and often subtlety of thought, and great artistic skill.

But besides the drawback of the picture being the representation of an idea, and so addressing itself to the studious and the philosophical, rather than to the ordinary observer—an objection in some measure less applicable, as the picture is painted for the meeting-place of the members of a learned society, than if it were placed in a public hall—there are peculiarities in the work which will interfere with its popularity, and prevent it producing the impression which a work of so much thought and labour ought to produce. There is in the first place, as we have already hinted, no other than a subjective bond of union between the figures, and this is a serious matter in a work that addresses itself by form to the eye. Moses is the centre of the composition, and in his rapt expression we may well conceive of him as in direct communion with the Deity. Next to him in place and consequence is Justinian; and we recognise the propriety of the arrangement, since it is from the laws of Moses and the code of Justinian that the entire body of the living law of the civilised world has been more or less directly derived. But then there is nothing to indicate this derivation. The Church of Rome is shown as the preserver and transmitter of the Justinian code; but the Jewish lawgiver is entirely isolated—or if any one even looks towards him it is Mahomet. Then, except by proximity of position, there is no community of feeling or purpose evinced among the ancient legislators; and no apparent link of union between them and their successors. The Greek neither looks backwards or upwards to the Egyptian, nor forwards or downwards to the Roman. The artist may have had sufficient reasons for this severe abstraction, but it is destructive of picturesque effect. This, however, is inherent in the plan of the artist; and was doubtless foreseen and duly estimated by him.

But accepting his own conditions, there are some things in the design that are, as it seems to us, grave misconceptions. Foremost of these, we should place the, so prominent, introduction of Theodora. Whatever her uxorious husband or venal courtiers may have said, there can, as a matter of history, be no doubt that she had nothing to do with the preparation of the code, and therefore no title to a place among the great lawgivers. If those to whom Justinian was really indebted were to be introduced, Trebonianus would have the fairest claim; or Justinian's forerunner, Theodosius. But to place in the most conspicuous part of the picture, a woman (and she the only female in this assembly of sages) who was infamous as the most shameless and universal courtesan of her age,—a woman who, by the laws of more than one of those among whom she takes rank, would have been consigned to death, and by almost all to infamy, is assuredly a strange blunder. Had Mr. Watts, without reading Procopius, only run his eye over Gibbon's unctuous sketch in his 30th chapter, he could not possibly have so erred,—for an error there can be no doubt it is.

Again, we are far from satisfied that Mr. Watts has decided judiciously for his permanent fame, any more than his present popularity, in the style

of treatment he has adopted. We refer particularly to the colour. Without being crude or gaudy, we cannot but think that richer and brighter colour would have been far preferable. Time would soon have lowered the tone sufficiently. All experience shows that even in a clear pure atmosphere, the colours in frescoes, as well as oil paintings, will in time be rendered duller by dirt and the influence of the weather, even if not exposed to the smoke of lamps or tapers. Here in a vast dining hall, what with dust, and smoke, and moisture, the obscuration must be both certain and rapid. Mr. Watts can colour well, yet he has in this picture deliberately, and of malice prepense, so kept down the colour throughout, and especially in the heads, that except on a very bright day, it is, at a sufficient distance to see the picture as a whole, scarcely possible to make out the individual features. Much of the colouring, however, is very fine, allowing for this general lowness of tone.

We will not continue to raise objections, or else we might protest against the questionable drawing of the barons in the right-hand corner, (especially that one who wears the face of the living knight, Sir John Lawrence,) and the ungainly drapery of Stephen Langton. But the whole of this group seems to have been executed in a hurry. Manu too is a very awkward figure. One of the consequences of the great size of the picture is the difficulty of seeing it properly as a whole. Placed directly over the dais, the dons will never see it aright, unless they leave their seats of state. It is only from the farther end of the hall that it could under any circumstances be fairly seen. But Mr. Watts has chosen his point of view so high, that it cannot really be properly seen—that is, so that the perspective be true—except from the gallery directly facing the picture. There, however, from the central arch of the scene, it comes out nobly. The simplicity and grandeur of the work as a whole, the harmony of colour, the dignity of the attitudes, the largeness of style, the intellectual character, and the elevation of purpose are easily recognised; and you feel that, whatever be the shortcomings, you are in presence of a work that is honourable to the country no less than to the artist.

That there is no abatement in the passion for choice etchings and engravings, is shown by the recent sale in Paris of the collection of "M. Ch. de F.," at which a fine proof of Rembrandt's etching of the 'Burgomaster Six' in what is known among collectors as "the second state," brought the unparalleled price of 5,550 francs, about 220*l.*! A proof of the same artist's 'Johann Lutma,' sold for over 80*l.* (2,080 francs). A print of Albert Durer's portrait of Melancthon, sold for 28*l.*; a superb proof of Lucas van Leyden's 'Milkmaid,' 26*l.*; a 'St. Christopher,' by the 'Master of 1466,' 24*l.*, for the Library of Brussels; 'The Censor' of Martin Schöngauer, 28*l.*; 'The Nativity' of the same artist, 32*l.*; and other works at prices equally high, but varying of course according to their rarity or beauty: the collection of 221 prints realised 1,760*l.*, and the result must be not a little assuring to possessors of choice prints.

The Committee of Council on Education has announced its intention of withdrawing the annual grant for the support of the Female School of Art in Gower Street. If some voluntary agency comes forward and undertakes the local management, "the Department will give every aid in its power," except solid cash, towards the maintenance of the school. But as the time has arrived when such an institution ought to be self-supporting, the state grant will from this year be withheld. The annual cost of the school is somewhat over 500*l.* We trust that this sum will be somehow secured, for, though capable of improvement, the school has been a well-conducted and serviceable institution.

We understand that Mudie has taken for his circulating library no less than one thousand copies of Lord Elgin's mission to China. One thousand copies of a two-guinea work!

\* We adopt the key furnished in the *Times*, as it is evidently official; but generally the personages are so distinctly marked as to render labelling unnecessary.

## THE MAGAZINES.

"Good Words." We shall not apologise for giving the precedence upon this occasion to a new magazine: it is edited by a D.D., and it treats of that which most concerns, or should concern, all sinful men; it is therefore entitled to the first consideration. It will be a wonderful speculation for anybody who likes a great deal for his money; such a sixpennyworth—in point of quantity—we have seldom seen. It appears to possess no literary merit, but that will doubtless be compensated for in the opinion of many by the sentiments, which though not novel are to a certain extent popular. The "Editor" himself leads off with "wishing us a good new year: a happy new year is the usual expression, but perhaps Dr. Macleod has good reason for not employing it. The Rev. gentleman in his article, after the manner of some preachers, shows great ingenuity in ringing all possible changes upon a single word; he thoroughly conjugates the verb "to trust," from the first person singular, indicative mood active, to the gerundive participle.

*Blackwood.* Those who pay monthly homage to "Blackwood" will certainly not be induced by this month's production to transfer their allegiance. They will (to their astonishment very likely) make the acquaintance of a writer who dares beard Mr. Ruskin, and who accuses the "pictorial" Pope of committing "such errors as a moderately intelligent pupil who had received half-a-dozen lessons from an ordinary drawing master ought to be ashamed of."

*Revue Indépendante.* The English readers of this review will peruse with interest the first three papers in the recent impression: of course bearing in mind who they are whose opinions as to the durability of the Anglo-French alliance, and whose "Avis aux quatre bourgeois de Liverpool" they are reading.

*Bentley's Miscellany* contains not less than the usual amount of light reading, with not less than the usual amount of amusement: Mr. Ainsworth shows no sign of force abated; Mr. Dudley Costello tells a tale in the prevailing "haunted" fashion, in which an escaped ape does duty as ghost; and Mr. Thornbury "sets his poor brain rhyming" to the tune of three pages of more peculiar than interesting matter, though he certainly manages to introduce some striking expressions: a "blob" is a word which does not occur to every one, and a "silver fritter" is suggestive; is it as nice as an "apple fritter"? But it will be "O" for the "Summer Dream" (notwithstanding criticism) with many persons, we feel sure.

*Fraser.* Diverse natures may find intellectual food in this issue: there are argumentative articles, tales, memoirs, and poetry—all good. "The Shakspearian Discovery," and "Conversations with Prince Meternich," will attract many readers; nor will "Egypt and the Suez Canal" at this crisis remain unread.

*Colburn's New Monthly* holds its own. There is a timely article on Morocco; and excitement-seekers and lovers of the "nice and naughty" may satisfy themselves with the "Night before the Duel;" we must protest, though, against the very matter of fact way in which the particulars of the duel are described: a gentleman who is going to have a bullet through his body in a few minutes claims more attention; moreover, O'Donnell's antecedents scarcely prepare one to expect the very pious prayer (worthy of the best of those whose many virtues are enumerated in the first column of the *Times*) with which he concludes a—to say the least—rather irregular life; and one is somewhat startled by the readiness with which his "second" plays the part of "parish clerk."

The *Westminster Review* has many to vouch for the ability with which it is conducted; and had we more space and time we could, we hope, demonstrate that the present number is well worth the reading of all who have leisure for it. But indeed it is so bulky, and comprises so much matter, that we can but recommend, from a cursory perusal, as more interesting to the general reader than the rest, Articles II. and VI.

The *New Quarterly Review* will reward its readers. We would advise them to compare the article on the Anglo-French Difficulty with a corresponding paper upon the same subject in the *Revue Indépendante*, mentioned above. The English writer perhaps indulges rather more in Latin quotation than is necessary: the time is past when flinging Latin at a man's head was considered to be a convincing proof that you were his superior; now nearly everybody knows a little Latin, and is not at all discomfited by even a line of an Alcaic ode.

The *Universal Review* externally and internally is a very pleasant sight. "Sir Everard's Daughter" will, we think, find many admirers; and the other papers, so far as hasty reading will allow one to judge, are very well worth attention. The review of Lord Dundonald's Autobiography, if it display some partisanship, will nevertheless elicit much sympathy for the brave old sailor of eighty-five years of age who has been so treated, or believes that he has been so treated, as to justify him in writing as though he had been prevented by pique on the part of others from doing "all which nature had made him capable of doing."

*Dublin University Magazine* promises to yield pleasure to him who reads to be pleased, and instruction to him who is anxious to learn; we can recommend "A Rainy Day with Tennyson, &c.," to all who like to speculate on what poetry ought to be; they will have the opportunity of examining many styles almost at a glance.

The *Constitutional Press*.—Thirty-one pages of this number are given to a letter upon the "Reform Question" by "A Member of the Constitutional Party"; it is obvious, therefore, that he has a great deal to say upon the subject, but whether it is of a convincing nature or not, depends upon the reader's political tendencies (we should say), the consideration of which does not fall within the scope of this journal. "Hopes and Fears" is the only tale; and it does not seem to be one of very thrilling interest. The "Suppers of the Tories" try very hard to make one laugh; we wish they were more successful.

The *National Magazine* contains two "personal sketches," each of which will create some attention; the first sets before us the Caius Græchus (as Mr. Ritchie terms Mr. Bright, the member for Birmingham), of our day; the other has for its subject, the Rev. J. M. Bellevue, whose sermons are described as "not only true and catholic in tone, not only enunciated with oratorical effect, not only heightened by the charm of a commanding presence, but in themselves highly polished, full of passages of real eloquence, and retaining the attention of the hearers." There appears to be nothing in this magazine likely to interfere with its popularity.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*.—Our time-honoured friend still preserves its claim to its long-continued patronage.

The great attraction of *Macmillan's Magazine* for this month will be, of course, Tennyson's new Idyll. There is always in each of the laureate's Idylls some particular passage which is everybody's favourite; and so, in this case, we are sure that the baby's pretty little "birdie-song" will soon catch the popular fancy. The continuation of Tom Brown at Oxford is very curious, considering that it is written by an University man. Surely Mr. Hughes never heard of such a scene occurring at Oxford as that which he describes as taking place at Viscount Phillipine's rooms at Christ Church.

The *Spiritual Magazine* (F. Pitman).—The devotees of table-rapping, and such like amusements, have issued the first number of a magazine, which they look upon as a missionary effort to propagate their views. Judge Edwards contributes a paper written in a more quiet, gentlemanly style, than appears customary with his sect, in order to explain the end and aim of spiritual intercourse. He considers that the miraculous communications of all ages have resulted, not from the direct voice of the Creator, but from the spirits of men who have lived on earth in mortal form, and he conceives that all their communications have the same object,

to teach and strengthen the belief in immortality. The next paper relates certain presentiments and practices, especially the casting lots to determine their conduct on emergencies, which characterised the early Moriscos, and ascribes them to the same source as the modern manifestations. Wm. Howitt contributes a *jeu d'esprit* as he terms it, delusively imagining there can be any *esprit* in a dull, rude abuse of those who differ from him—including Dr. Faraday—under the designation of "learned pigs." Dr. Ashburner adds his mite in the shape of a self-satisfied essay on the "Forces of Nature as Connected with Spiritualism and the Philosophy of Mind," an excellent subject for a man of real science and logical capacity, but very emptily treated by the spiritual doctor, who talks of Faraday as a man of "small, but ingenious mind." How large his own mind is may be guessed from this impertinence, and from his explanation of the ponderability of matter. "Matter has ponderable relations. Why? Because it must obey gravitation;" after which he tells that spirit is able "to form matter," and that "muscle, bone, and sinew are the result of certain magnetoid or electroid forces." He quotes Faraday on the "Conservation of Force," and seems terribly bewildered by his statement; "the usual idea of the force implies direct action from a distance; and such a view appears to present little difficulty, except to Newton, and a few, including myself, who, in that respect, may be of like mind with him." Evidently knowing nothing of the doctrine to which Faraday refers, Dr. Ashburner calls this comparing himself with Newton! The doctor tells us he has reflected more deeply than Faraday on gravitation, and then proceeds, in a confused manner, to talk about forces of various kinds. One sentence, in addition to what we have quoted, will show how completely he is wanting in the merest elements of scientific thought. He says, "Assuming that electric and magnetic currents exist, we may infer that a fluid in many particulars analogous to magnetism, may be proved." The doctor is not entitled to assume the existence of currents in the sense of anything running along; and if he were, the inference that there must be a fluid analogous to magnetism would not logically follow. After this we shall be quite prepared for the statement that the motives which impel us are derived from "the concentrated will of spirits," and for the following specimen of credulity: "Dr. Huslow published a remarkable book, which he termed *Illustrations of Madness*. It contained a single case of a wretched maniac, who was teased perpetually by evil spirits. Nobody would believe the poor man, when he made his statements that he could see the agencies set in motion to produce what he called lobster cracking. Years of reflection on the facts of clairvoyance—much experience of the operations of the mind amongst the insane,—have convinced me that poor Matthew actually saw what he described." We suppose that, in Dr. Ashburner's loose phraseology, "actually saw" means that the unfortunate patient was under the influence of objective realities, not of illusions. We learn from the new magazine, that one Mr. Squire, a great American spiritualist has come to London, but unfortunately—or prudentially—his chief powers have left him. When in full perfection, he was often lifted up by spirits to the ceiling, in the presence of large circles of friends, and held there long enough to write with a pencil. This happened so often that the ceiling was blackened by the process. What a pity the performance cannot take place in London. If Mr. Squire gives it up, could not Herr Frikell do it as well? Spirit-rapping well deserves study as a curiosity in psychology, where it is not a fraud; but before the outer world can be convinced, the "spirits" must evince higher intelligence than ordinary mortals, and their followers become more logical and precise.

FIRE-PROOF CLOTHING.—M. Carteron, of Paris, has introduced a method of rendering fabrics incombustible. The particulars of the process are not described, but it is said to render silk goods also waterproof. Like that of MM. Versmann and Oppenheim, it requires renewing.



## ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE special services at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were resumed on Sunday evening. At St. Paul's the Bishop preached a New Year's Day sermon; at the Abbey the sermon was by the Dean. Services were also commenced at Exeter Hall. The preacher was the Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D., rector of Upper Chelsea. The daily papers also report "special services" by Dissenting ministers at St. James's Hall, the Garrick Theatre (Whitechapel), Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. The services at the Garrick are announced as promoted by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaid, M.P., Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., Mr. T. F. Buxton, and other gentlemen, and are to be conducted alternately by clergymen of the Established Church and Protestant Non-conforming ministers. At three o'clock a sermon to an overwhelming audience was preached by Mr. Newman Hall, L.L.B., Minister of Surrey Chapel. In the evening the Rev. George Mansfield, M.A., rector of Allhallows, Thames-street, was the preacher. At Sadler's Wells there was a "densely packed congregation, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., incumbent of St. Jude's, Chelsea. At the Britannia, the service was conducted by the Rev. R. Roberts, a Wesleyan minister; and at St. James's Hall by Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Brownlow North, both laymen, and well-known revivalist preachers from Scotland.

The following is the list of preachers at the Special Services at St. Paul's Cathedral for the current month:—Sunday, January 8, the Rev. Daniel Moore, incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell, Golden Lecturer; January 15, the Rev. A. Boyd, incumbent of Paddington, Canon of Gloucester; January 22, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Chaplain to the Queen, late Head Master of Harrow; and, January 29, the Rev. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

**CLERICAL DECLARATION AGAINST ALTERING THE PRAYER-BOOK.**—We understand that the signatures to the declaration, which we published a fortnight ago in this paper, now amount to nearly 4,000. Probably this number would have been greater by this time had not Christmas intervened, and perhaps also some persons withhold their names from reluctance to subscribe what they, with some justice, regard as too stringent and sweeping language.—*English Churchman.*

**THE CHURCH RATE QUESTION.**—At an influential meeting of the clergy and lay consultees of the District Church Institution, held at the Guildhall, Bury St. Edmund's, on Friday, December 23, the Hon. and Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey in the chair, a resolution was unanimously adopted sanctioning the following petition, to be supplied to every incumbent or churchwarden of any of the parishes within the district:—

*To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal (or, the Honourable the Commons) of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.*  
The humble petition of the undersigned Inhabitants of the Parish of \_\_\_\_\_ in the Deanery of \_\_\_\_\_ in the County of \_\_\_\_\_

Sheweth—That your petitioners, mindful of the blessings which this country has for centuries enjoyed from the connection of the Church with the State, view with alarm the systematic attempts which are made to weaken and destroy that connection. That, especially, the unconditional abolition of church-rates, which from time immemorial have been a charge upon the inhabitants of parishes in respect to houses and lands occupied by them, would be a grievous injury to the cause of religion, by making the provision for the public worship of God precarious and uncertain in a very large number of places. That to transfer the annual value of church-rates from the national Church, which has so long possessed it, to the owners of land who have no right and make no claim to the possession of it, would be an act of injustice and uncalled-for spoliation.

Your petitioners therefore humbly pray your house not to pass any measure involving the unconditional abolition of church-rates.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

**CONGREGATIONALISTS.**—A correspondent writes to the *Nonconformist* that a society has been formed for the relief of aged ministers on retiring from the pastorate, and that the sum of £321, has been already promised to the fund. The rules for the constitution of the society are also published in the same journal.

**THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE EPISCOPATE.**—The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have the honour of dividing the four archbishoprics equally between them; but the 36 bishoprics of the United Kingdom are shared in the following proportions:—Cambridge, 17; Oxford, 13; Dublin, 6. The University of Oxford, however, triumphs over her rival in the point of colonial bishops. She is represented by 21 of her pupils in the colonies, while Cambridge is represented by 13, and Dublin by only 1.

**LAYMEN CONDUCTING SERVICE IN A CHURCH.**—The following paragraph cut out of the *Carnewar Herald* of the 24th ult., may be interesting to our readers, in regard to the revivals and the new Bishop of Bangor, Dr. Campbell. "On Sunday last, in consequence of the illness of the Rev. Mr. Morgan, the Welsh evening service at Llandegai Church, was performed by two laymen. Mr. Jones read the prayers, and Mr. Moses Thomas, a quarryman, delivered an excellent sermon. This argues well for the progress of scriptural Christianity, in the diocese of Bangor under the present Bishop, who is, ex-officio, Rector of Llandegai."

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Abstract of the Report of the Directors for 1889, to the twenty-fourth annual meeting of members, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Thursday, the 22nd day of December, 1889.

The uniform success which has attended this Institution since its establishment in 1835 continues unabated, and the directors have much pleasure in stating to the members that the operations during the past year have been very satisfactory in all the departments.

The number of proposals for assurances received within the twelve months ending the 30th November last, has been 1144; and the number of policies issued 926. Although this number is not so many by 55 as the number issued in the preceding year, yet the amount assured has exceeded that of either of the two preceding years, being £191,026 10s. 7d., producing an annual income of £10,791 16s. 4d. besides the sum of £289 8s. 7d., received in single premiums. Of the remaining proposals 104 were declined, and 38 not completed.

The number of members who have died is 144, being 59 less than last year, whilst the claims arising therefrom, inclusive of bonuses added to the sums assured amount to £109,456 16s. and are in excess of those paid in 1888 by £134 10s. 7d.

Four policies in Cash insuring the sum of £1699 9s., have become due in the lifetime of the members, and the amount has been paid to them in due course.

The accounts for the year ending 30th November last have been duly audited; the balance of receipts over disbursements in that period is £134,131 16s., which added to the capital stock of the Institution as reported last year, increases it to £1,756,880 6s. 11d. This sum is invested on mortgage of real estates, and in Government and other good securities, including the sum of £115,241, advanced on loans at interest to members on the security of their respective policies.

The gross annual income arising from the premiums on 15,736 existing policies is .....	£237,956 19 3
Annual statement on the 30th November, 1889, for the five years ending in 1889 .....	50,112 0 0

Add interest on capital stock ..	£307,944 19 3
	75,201 6 0
Total annual income ..	£265,546 5 3

The number of members is now 12,986.

From the establishment of the Institution, twenty-four years since, the sum of £919,193 10s. 4d., including bonuses, has been paid to the representatives of deceased members. Nearly half a million has been allowed since the first division of profits in 1842 to those members who have elected to have a reduction of their premiums; and to the policies of those who have decided to continue paying their original premiums, bonuses amounting to £237,600, and upwards, have been added.

In addition to the foregoing, sums of considerable importance have been paid for the purchase of policies surrendered by members, also on account of policies payable during the lifetime of the assured, and in payments to annuitants. The directors accept surrenders of policies at any time after one year's premium has been paid, and they believe that their scale for purchase is large and equitable. Notwithstanding the above-mentioned deductions from the funds of the Institution, the capital exceeds one million and three quarters, resulting from the premiums paid by the members, and from the interest arising from the accumulated investments. All this has been effected on the principle of mutual assurance, without the charge attending a subscribed capital as in proprietary offices.

A review of this interesting statement shows how extensively the great object of this Institution is being realized by those for whose benefit it was established.

It is of importance that the fact should not be overlooked, that in the cases of very many individuals the amount of the periodical premiums which they have paid could not have secured to their families the like advantage by any other mode than that of life assurance. More especially does this remark apply to cases of accidental or other sudden death, wherein the amount of premiums paid is frequently very insignificant in comparison with the sum thus secured by life policy to the widow and orphan. The directors would earnestly impress on the mind of every member what an essential service he may render to the families of his friends by inducing them to make a suitable provision against the uncertainty of life.

**JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.**

London, 30th December, 1889.

**NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.—BANK OF DEPOSIT (Established A.D. 1844),** No. 3, Pall-mall East, London, S.W.—The WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, on Deposit Accounts, to the 21st instant will be ready for delivery, on and after the 19th January, and payable daily between the hours of 10 and 4.

**PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.**

December, 1889.

Prospectuses and forms sent free on application.

**BENSON'S WATCHES.**

"Perfection of mechanism."—Morning Post.

**GOLD WATCHES, £1 to 100 Gs.—SILVER WATCHES, 25 to 50 Gs.**

Send Two Stamps for Benson's Illustrated Watch Pamphlet.

Watches sent free to any part of the United Kingdom, on receipt of Post Office Orders.

33 &amp; 34, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Established 1749.

**ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—Mr. W. J. Linton,** 55, Hatton Garden, E.C., has a Vacancy for a Pupil. A premium required.**UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**

No. 8, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

The Funds or Property of the Company, as at 31st December, 1888, amounted to £652,618 3s. 10d. invested in Government or other approved securities.

**THE HON. FRANCIS SCOTT, Chairman.****CHARLES BERWICK CURTIS, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.****INVALID LIVES.**—Persons not in sound health may have their lives insured at equitable rates.

**ACCOMMODATION IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.**—Only one-half of the Annual Premium, when the Insurance is for Life, requires to be paid for the first five years, simple interest being charged on the balance. Such arrangement is equivalent to an immediate advance of 10 per cent. upon the Annual Premium, without the borrower having recourse to the unpleasant necessity of procuring Sureties, or assigning and thereby parting with his Policy, during the currency of the Loan, irrespective of the great attendant expenses in such arrangements.

The above mode of Insurance has been found most advantageous when Policies have been required to cover monetary transactions, or when incomes applicable for Insurance are at present limited, as it only necessitates half the outlay formerly required by other Companies before the present system was instituted by this Office.

**LOANS.**—Are granted likewise on real and personal securities.

Forms of Proposals and every information afforded on application to the Resident Director,

8, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

(By Order)

**E. LENNOX BOYD, Resident Director.****BONUS DIVISION.****GLOBE INSURANCE,**

CORNHILL &amp; CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Capital One Million, All paid-up and Invested.

The following are examples of the Profits accruing on **Globe Participating Life Policies** under the **BONUS** declared as at 31st December, 1888:—

AGE at Date of Policy.	Original Sum Insured.	Original Premium.	Complete Years in force.	Bonus applied—	
				By Addition to Policy.	By payment in CASH.
25 Yrs.	£1000	£21 9 2	0 years.	£72	£27 17
35 "	1000	28 2 6	"	72	32 15
40 "	1000	32 15 0	"	72	35 7
50 "	1000	45 12 6	"	72	42 9

(Policies of One to Five complete Years Participate in proportion.)

The above Profits are equivalent—If added to the Policy—to a Reversionary Sum at death equal to One Pound Four Shillings per Cent. per Annum on the Sum Insured for each of the completed years of the Policy:—or, If taken as an Immediate Cash Payment, is, at most ages, considerably more than One Year's Premium.

The Bonus Periods are FIVE Years, and the Rates of Life Premiums, whether With or Without Profits, very economical.

**FIRE, LIFE, ANNUITY, ENDOWMENT, and REVERSIONARY** business transacted.

**WILLIAM NEWMARCH, Secretary.**

\* \* No Charge for Volunteer and Militia Corps.

For upwards of thirty years No Extra Premium has been charged by the Globe for service in the Militia and in Volunteer Corps in the United Kingdom.

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Sold by **W. H. KENNEDY, Agent, 462, Oxford Street, London, W.****IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1830.

**DIRECTORS.****GEORGE WILLIAM COTTAM, Esq.,** Chairman.  
**FREDERICK PATTISON, Esq.,** Deputy-Chairman.**Thomas G. Barclay, Esq.,**  
**James C. C. Bell, Esq.,**  
**James Brand, Esq.,**  
**Charles Cave, Esq.,**  
**George Henry Cutler, Esq.,**  
**Henry Davidson, Esq.,**  
**George Field, Esq.,**  
**George Hibbert, Esq.,**  
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**J. Gordon Murdoch, Esq.,**  
**William R. Robinson, Esq.,**  
**Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.,**  
**Newman Smith, Esq.**

**SECURITY.**—The assured are protected by a guarantee fund of upwards of a MILLION and a HALF STERLING from the liabilities attaching to mutual assurance.

**PROFITS.**—Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.

**CLAIMS.**—The Company has disbursed in payment of claims and additions upwards of £1,500,000.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 10, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the Kingdom. **SAMUEL LEGG, Actuary.**

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Brixton Hill and Aldersgate,

By Voluntary Contributions

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10 0 0	10 0 0	10 0 0
4 feet 3 inches high	5 feet 3 inches high	5 feet 9 inches high
10 0 0	10 0 0	10 0 0
4 feet 6 inches high	5 feet 6 inches high	5 feet 9 inches high
10 0 0	10 0 0	10 0 0

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61 and 63, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 29 and 30, Paternoster Row, London, March 15th, 1899.

Gentlemen.—Having tried your Patent Window Polish upon our Plate Glass, Chandeliers, and Front, we are happy to state the effect has been beyond our expectations; we beg therefore to request you will forward us, at your earliest convenience, a dozen boxes of the Polish.

We are, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,  
To Messrs. BARNES & Co., AMOTT, BROTHERS, & Co.

60, St. Paul's Churchyard, March, 23rd, 1899.

Gentlemen.—Having used the box of Window Polish left with us, and finding it answers every purpose it professes to do, request you will forward out dozen of your dexterity boxes.

G. H. SMITH & Co.

Gloucester House, Lodgegate Hill, 9th March, 1899.

Gentlemen.—We have tried the sample of Window Polish left with us, and are perfectly satisfied with it, and shall feel obliged by your sending us one dozen of dexterity boxes.

JOHN HARVEY & Co.

Argyll House, 226, 228, 230, and 232, Regent Street, March, 21st, 1899.

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We are yours, &c., HOSSE & ORCHARD.

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WHISKERS, &c.? ROSALIE COUPELLE'S CRINOLINAR is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustaches, and a few weeks, and restores the Hair in baldness from whatever cause, strengthen it when weak, prevent its falling out, and effectually check greyness in all its stages. For the nursery it is recommended by upwards of 100 Physicians, for promoting a fine, healthy head of hair, and averting baldness in after years. Sold by all Chemists, price 2s., or sent post free on receipt of 34 penny stamps, by Miss Couper, 28, Castle Street, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London.

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